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F. R. DANIELS,
TWO ROCHESTER BICYCLES FOR
SALE CHEAP, \$20 AND \$30.

All the leading styles in colors, cuffs, ties, pins, etc.

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

J. E. LANGEN,
And "JUD" the Barber,

are one and the same person. And he is doing better work than ever, now. Three chairs in operation; skilled workmen; every tool sterilized by means of an antiseptic. Also, a bootblack in constant attendance. Shop never closed except Sunday.

Specialties: Ladies' shampooing. Children's hair-cutting. For strictly first class, up-to-date work, try "Jud." He can please the most fastidious.

Cor. Mystic St., and Mass. Ave.,
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House, Sign,
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Decorative
Painting.

Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

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**"It's Cheaper to Move
than Pay Rent."**

We move you out or move you in, just which way you happen to be going and guarantee you just as good a job as if you were always moving.

Piano and Furniture Moving.
Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc.
We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St., 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Sq., Arlington Office—Cushing's Store at Heights Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McKim's store.

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Residence at 677 Mass. Avenue, ARLINGTON.

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Confectionery,
Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

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Hacks for all
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Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.

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ARLINGTON, MASS

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T. M. CANNIFF,
Hairdresser,

943 Mass. Ave., Arlington

HERE AND THERE.

The automobile, as a substitute for hacks, cabs and walking, started out well, and rich men, certain of big dividends, put piles of money into a company to own and run the horseless carriages. But it didn't pay, and the company is going out of business, after making very heavy losses. Automobiles are expensive things to run, and the number of people who want to ride isn't large. A few years later the cost will be reduced by new discoveries, and we shall all be struck by lightning carriages.

What would these people who pay big prices for seats at the dog show say if they were asked to give ten dollars to help a suffering poor family? They "can't afford it." Alas for the selfishness of humanity. It is popular to go to dog shows. When will it be popular to help the distressed?

Curtis Guild, Jr., explained the Cuban situation to a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, Wednesday evening. We didn't suppose anybody could explain it, and very few understand it. The general is to be congratulated.

Cupid knows the relations between confessions and affections, and is looking forward longingly to the ice cream season. Ice cream may cool the stomachs of young people, but it makes their hearts warm.

The Boston overseers of the poor spent \$1000 for soap, last year. We hope they weren't cruel enough to make their beneficiaries use it. No severer punishment could be imposed on some of them.

A newspaper writer is advising young men away from home to write frequently to their fathers. Harvard students don't need that advice. That's the way they get money to pay their bills.

A HIGH TRIBUTE.

The following letter speaks for itself. Hon. R. C. McCormick was the first governor of Arizona. He has seen much of public life. He was several years a member of congress, and at one time assistant secretary of the United States treasury. Governor McCormick has one of the largest and best private libraries to be found in the state of New York.

Jamaica, N. Y., March 26, 1901.
Editor Enterprise: I have read with especial interest, your reference in last week's Enterprise to the Robbins library, which must be a source of solid comfort to you. Just as the need of a public library in Jamaica was commanding attention, news came of Andrew Carnegie's magnificent gift to the Greater New York. Now, we have little doubt that one of the sixty-five library buildings will fall to our lot, and surpass our best expectations. It is also thought that one may be given to Flushing, and one to Long Island city. What a wonderful man Mr. Carnegie is showing himself to be, and what pleasure he must have in the ability to do so much for his fellow men.

As ever yours,
R. C. MCCORMICK.

A SAMPLE LETTER.

Following is a sample of the letters we have been receiving:

The Enterprise Co.,
Mr. J. Lee Robinson, Manager.
Dear Sir: I hope you are receiving much encouragement in the matter of publishing the "Lexington Enterprise." It is certainly very gratifying to have a real newspaper deal with our local affairs. The painstaking care given, in your last issue, to the report of an important town committee, published in full, and the record of the proceedings at the town meeting March 26, are particularly commendable.

The write-up of the other news items is also very satisfactory, and shows that you are putting honest work into the undertaking. Your compositors evidently know how to spell correctly, which is also refreshing. So far as I am aware, you made no mistakes in the initials of persons named.

If you continue along the lines already projected, I am sure you will meet with much-deserved success, and Lexington may yet have a local paper of which it can be proud. Please enter my name on your list and send bill for one year's subscription.

Lexington, Mass., March 30, 1901.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Fessenden announce the engagement of their daughter, Laura, to Robert H. Beggie, of Medford.



"Why Should Calamity Be Full of Words?"

The mere saying of words is easy, and some men devote their whole lives to it. They talk rather than act. The calamity howlers in any community are of this kind.

While the unsuccessful business man is talking the successful man is acting. When he speaks he uses words, but he tells facts. He seldom, however, depends upon his own voice.

He brings to his aid the trumpet-tongued voice of the press.

He purchases space in the advertising columns of his local paper, and he uses it to good advantage.

This is your local paper. There is space in these columns for use. Are you adding its strength to your voice? Properly used it will aid you.

THE TABLE FAD.

Good Things to Know About the Tables of Today.

In the first place, nothing is more appropriate for a wedding present than a pretty table. It is even more acceptable than a cake basket or a pickle cester, for the bride can have it in her room even if she is not keeping house, and the cake basket under those conditions must be put away, or if it is left out of storage it has to be cleaned every week. Now, a table is always useful unless it might be a gold table, which, after all, is a foolish affair, not very useful at best. No one likes to put anything on a gold table, and thus the chief and admirable quality of utility is lost.



TABLE SET FOR 5 O'CLOCK TEA.

Another good thing to know is that table covers have gone out of fashion. The cost of the table cover is far more wisely invested in the extra polish on the table top. The latter has been carefully covered up ever since marble top tables went out of fashion. They left a regular graveyard chill behind them, and so the table spread came in to help make some warmth in the atmosphere.

Still another thing to know is that the 5 o'clock tea table is no longer detained in the parlor, but has been abolished to the dining room, or to the library, or to my lady's boudoir. Tea for guests is now usually brought in from the kitchen, where it is made on the stove with no fuss, feathers or parade. This scheme enables the hostess to devote her time to her guests instead of making tea and playing with a lot of little tea things. The tea table should be stationed in the place where it is used. If it is your custom to have tea in your room at a certain hour in the afternoon or evening, then the bedroom is the appropriate place for it. Sometimes the little tea table is kept standing entirely equipped and ready to fire up at a moment's notice and is brought into the parlor intact from the dining room.

The library table should be a capacious affair, large enough for a lamp or a drop light, and also to hold all the new books and magazines. It may be equipped with pen and ink and writing conveniences. This table is the one the members of the family like to gather about in the evening, and so it should be large, says The New Idea Woman's Magazine, in which occur these items about the tables of today.

Afternoon Tea in England.

An English lady recently said that tea in America was a fad soon forgotten or changed into an occasional reception where salads and ices are served, while in England it is the invariable custom of the family to enjoy tea at a regular hour, either alone or with those friends who happen in. Choice tea, thin bread and butter are served, to which a small dish of shrimp and water cream are favorite additions. Periwinkles, small creatures like snails, while far from elegant, are very nice. Cheese sandwiches also give variety and are economical, the dry cheese being grated and bottled for the purpose. Only now and then is cake placed on the tray, says Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Shampooing With an Egg.

Break an egg into a saucer and rub it thoroughly on to the hair. Then rub the egg well into the scalp. A thorough wash with soap and warm water and a tiny bit of borax follows. The rinsing comes next with clean water.

Notes From The Jewelers' Circular.
Rich reddish brown leather pocket-books are handsomely mounted in gold. There promises to be an era of colored stones in neckwear. Tinted gold, many hues enamels and colored gems all combine in each single confection, making the new throat pieces radiant and beautiful.

The barbaric beauty of rough gold and uncut gems will be the next novelty exploited if one of those vague intimations which have ushered in all our late fashions is to be trusted.

Little round balls of turquoise, about the size of a pea and perfect spheres of purest blue, are the captivating form of newest earrings. No mounting shows.

Uncut stones are set in rings, purses, chains, umbrellas tops or wherever fancy dictates.

Pretty tie clips of gold wire in heart shape are useful accessories in the evening toilet.

A lady's watch in plain black enamel and brilliants is a striking and elegant object.

"Tooth" ring mountings are used for some very large diamonds for men's wear.

Rose gold reigns in the lozenge, and jewelry has become most elaborate.

It is rumored that the popular gold tags are to be varied with crystal ones.

Very thin watches are in evidence.

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, ETC.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Geo. D. Moore, president; R. W. Alter, Hillard, secretary; W. A. Felice, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National Bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank building, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blaisdale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge. Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Medford Street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12. Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77. Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1731. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 570 Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51. Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 35. Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45. Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple Street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23. Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.

Arlington Heights Branch.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.

Town clerk and treasurer, office hours.

9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.

Board of health, on call of chairman.

Engineers' file department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park Avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts Avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson Street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.

(Unitarian.) Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. Rev. Frederic Gull, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy Street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy Street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon; P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

Corner Pleasant and Maple Streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple Street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite Academy Street. Rev. Harry Fay Flister, pastor. Gray Street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

Corner Academy and Maple Streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

(Orthodox Congregational.) Corner Park and Wollaston Avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon service at 7.30 p.m.; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.

ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.

Corner Medford and Chestnut Streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Residence at parsonage, 24 Medford Street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; Holy Mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 3.30 p.m.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The Christian Endeavorers of Middlesex county, who will be able to attend the twelfth annual convention at South Framingham, April 18, will be favored with a program fully up to the high standard of the past conventions.

The convention opens at 2 o'clock with the usual opening praise and devotional services, and the first address is to be by Dr. Julia Morton Plummer, on "Motive for Service." Immediately following will be an open parliament, conducted by Mr. H. N. Lathrop, on "Methods for Service." The address is sure to be helpful, inspiring and enthusiastic, bringing to the workers present a greater desire for the service, while the open discussion cannot fail to present many new methods of applying this new enthusiasm. The next speaker, with the subject of the address, will be announced later. The afternoon session will close with a consecrated meeting led by Rev. Lawrence Phelps.

At the close of the afternoon session, the junior endeavor workers will meet in conference as to ways and methods of conducting junior societies. In the evening, Rev. H. P. Perkins is to speak along missionary lines. Mr. Perkins has but recently returned from China, where he has been for many years, his field of labor being Lin Ching about 25 miles south of Peking. He was at Tientsin during the memorable siege of that city, and is in a position to speak interestingly and authoritatively regarding missionary work in that country on which all eyes are centered at the present time.

The convention will close with an address by Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, of Philadelphia. Dr. Tomkins, as pastor of the largest Episcopal church in Philadelphia, and member of the board of trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is well known to all endeavors. His addresses are always marked with deep spirituality and his message will be a fitting climax to the convention. The young people of Middlesex county are certainly to be congratulated on being so fortunate as to secure Dr. Tomkins for their convention. The Boston & Albany railroad has made a special rate for the round trip from Boston to South Framingham and return for 60 cents. These tickets will be on sale at the South station and at Trinity place. Trains leave the South station for South Framingham at 1.00, 1.02, 2.15, 2.22, 3.06 p.m., etc. At the close of the convention, a special train will leave South Framingham, running express to Boston, reaching Boston about 9.45 p.m.

HIGHER OR LOWER?

Editor Enterprise:—It seems to me that your reporter made a bad mistake, last week, when he told of the birth of

J. W. HARRINGTON,

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.
Business Established More Than 50 Years.

Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsmining Painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

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J. H. EDWARDS, Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.
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Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.

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Two Trips Daily. Teams Due at 1.30 and 6.30 P. M.

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Blacksmith and
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Horseshoeing and Jobbing promptly attended to.
Carriage and Sign Painting.
Belmont, Mass.

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Dealer in
Coals, Wood, Hay, Straw
Gwain, Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Hair, Fertilizers, Sand, Drain
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Teaming Pillsbury Flour, New England Gas
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School of Music,
3rd SEASON,
Has opened for the Fall and Winter
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MONDAY, Sept. 3, 1900.
Thorough instructions given on Piano,
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Any number of musicians, including a
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on the market at the
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Children's hair cutting a spec-
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DAVID CLARK,
32 years in the hacking business, is still at the
same business at
10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.
Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings
and evening parties. Also a wagonette for
pleasure parties. Tel. connection.

A NANCY LEE
In the month of July, 1857, I ran away from a British ship which entered the port of Madras. I was a boy of 14, a runaway to sea. Two weeks later, when I sat in the shade of a wall one day hungry and penniless and ready to give up, an English woman halted before me and began to question me. She proved to be a sea captain's widow and was in command of a brig trading with the east coast of Ceylon. She happened to be in want of another hand, and, after being told what I could do, she made a proposition that I accepted.

I found the brig to be called the Orient. I saw on the brig's deck a nine pounder mounted on a carriage, and later on I ascertained that she carried a supply of small arms. One morning after the clearing of a fog we saw a bark rigged craft of three times our size lying about three miles north of us. She had come down on the last of the wind, probably bound through the straits, and the currents had set to the eastward during the night. Those were suspicious days, but the bark looked to be an honest Englishman, and we gave her no attention until about mid-afternoon. Then the French boy, who was aloft, reported that she had lowered two boats. The glass was sent up to him, and he soon made out that the boats were being manned by armed men, and dark skinned fellows at that. This looked as if the bark had fallen into piratical hands, for no trader could have any honest purpose in arming his boats.

They took their time about it and finally headed in our direction. Had there been any wind they would doubtless have tried to lay us aboard. As soon as it was seen that the boats were headed for us Mrs. Sweet called us all aft and announced that the stranger was a pirate who meant our capture and destruction. She was a little paler than usual, but spoke in a low and even voice and did not seem to be a bit frightened. She said it was a case where we must fight for our lives. They would cut our throats if we surrendered and could do no more if we fought to the last. She seemed to accept it as a matter of course that we would fight, and she was the first to lend a hand to clear away the gun. The two boys of us brought up the muskets and loaded them, distributed the pikes along the rail and then passed up shot and cartridge for the big gun. Everything had been made ready for just such an emergency. There were 30 solid nine pound shot and 22 loaded shell in the magazine, as well as about 30 cartridges containing the proper quantity of powder. As I afterward learned, all had been purchased at the government arsenal in Madras.

We were as ready as we could be before the boats were pulled a mile from the bark. The mate loaded the gun with a shell and placed two others and several stands of grape near at hand. Our brig lay broadside to the north, headed to the east. The boats must therefore pull bow on to us until close at hand even if the plan was to separate and board from different points. This gave us a big advantage, as we could all lay along the port rail. The gun was wheeled over the decks cleared of every obstruction, and then we were ready. Mrs. Sweet had a double barreled English fowling piece loaded with buckshot. She was nearest the stern. The rest of us had government muskets. I was pretty nervous, knowing what was at stake, and she noticed this and kindly chided me, saying that I must take good aim, keep cool and that we should surely beat them off. She called the French boy over and told him the same, but there was no need of speaking to the others. They were as cool as if it were an everyday matter, and I heard the mate say to the cook that he was afraid the fellows would back out.

The boats came on to within half a mile of us and then stopped. Some sort of a signal had been run up on the bark—probably a notification that we were ready for a stout resistance. They could have seen us preparing by the aid of the glass. There was a consultation of about five minutes, and then came a cheer as the boats moved forward. Mrs. Sweet looked over at the mate, and he nodded his head, sighted his gun and after a long moment applied the port fire. There might have been some luck about it, though he was an old gunner, but his shell struck the easternmost boat plumb on the bows, exploded with a loud report, and she was wiped out so completely that we could not even see the fragments. I believe that every man in that boat was killed. This ought to have discouraged the other, but it did not. She was pulled for us as fast as possible, and the stand of grape fired at her went too high.

After that discharge we began to blaze away with the muskets, and I hit one of the rowers and almost stopped the boat for a moment. While the mate and negro worked to load the big gun the other five of us banged away, and we hit somebody at almost every shot. The boat came on, however, the wounded cursing and the unharmed cheering and was within 150 feet of our side when the nine pounder roared again. She had acted as a solid shot and gone through her, killing and wounding and smashing, and when the smoke blew away only three men were swimming away on the surface. These we ordered aboard and made secure at once. The bark dropped another boat, but after coming half way it returned. About noon she got a rifle of wind which did not reach us and made off to the west to be seen no more.

When we came to question the prisoners, who were lusty looking cutthroats, we found that they belonged to the Maldiva islands, around in the Indian ocean. They made no bones about admitting that they meant to capture us and were surly and defiant over their repulse. They would not give us the name of the bark, and even after she was out of sight they boasted that she would return soon to release them. At sundown we got the breeze and stood away on our course. That night during the mate's watch the pirates disappeared. All knew where they went, but no one asked any questions. The two boats contained fully two dozen of them, and their loss must have sadly crippled the bark and changed her plans.—Hartford Courant.

The Usher.
Tommy—Pa, an usher is a man in the theater who shows you where to sit, isn't he?
Pa—No; he's the fellow who puts in most of his time telling you where not to sit.—Philadelphia Record.

A Great Singer's Sacrifices.
To be a great singer requires many sacrifices.
Melba never allows herself any sweets, although she is passionately fond of sweet things.
Sembrich eschews pastries, but confesses to a frequent and intense longing for things of this kind.
Nordica, while she does not absolutely taboo all sweets and rich dishes, has allowed herself little indulgence in such things since she became a singer.
Emma Eames is very strict about her diet, and her daily life is laid out by rule, from which she seldom diverges, no matter how great the temptation.
She never sees any one or reads any letters or telegrams the day she is to sing, either at a matinee or an evening performance, and she never accepts any invitation for the evening before. Every day, no matter how disagreeable the weather, she goes for a walk.
Almost all singers remain indoors in the morning, either resting or practicing, and do not go out until after 2 o'clock. Wine must be avoided.
Calve once declared that she was pining to sit down to a big, rich, hearty workingman's dinner, where she could eat just what she wanted, without ever having to think about consequences or having any one remind her that she had a voice.

Patti has sacrificed everything to her talent. "I owe the preservation of my voice to the fact that I never allow myself to forget that I am a singer," she has said. "It is often inconvenient, but it is the penalty I must pay for a great gift."

Man, Poor Man!
He cannot put a puff round his elbow when his sleeves wear out.
His friends would smile if he disguised a pair of frayed trousers with graceful little shingle loupes.
He would likewise be grieved if he sought to cover the ravage of a spark from his cigar with an applique of even the finest lace.
The poor thing must shave every other day at the outside or pose as an anarchist.

He has to content himself with somber colorings or be accused of disturbing the peace.
He may not wear flowers or ribbons in his hair, no matter how bald he becomes.
His heirs would have a guardian appointed should he take to lace trimmed lingerie.

The feathers in his cap are as nothing from the decorative standpoint.
He may not take into himself a lace overskirt when his pearl trousers become dingy.
He can't edge his coat sleeve with a fall of lace to hide a scarred or maimed hand.

A pink veil is out of the question, no matter how muddy his complexion may become.
As for covering up the stain made by a careless waiter with a jabot—no!
Moral: We're glad we're a helpless woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Not an Ideal Guest.
An ideal hostess once had Rudyard Kipling as guest for several days, and, being of a literary turn of mind, was naturally honored by the event. Naturally, also, she wished to exhibit him, but this the gentleman frowned upon, threatening to leave the house if she so much as mentioned his presence.
She swallowed her disappointment and entertained her friends just as if the peal of the doorbell did not send the distinguished guest scurrying to his bedroom, to remain until the visitor had departed. At the termination of his visit her tongue was loosened—she talked to her heart's content. But one-half of her friends doubted the truth of her statements, because they did not understand the delicacy which compelled her to obey the wishes of a guest. She was a true hostess, but he was a surly guest, inasmuch as it would not hurt him to appear for an hour to meet her friends, and the act would have given her an amount of pleasure.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cheerful Homes.
Handsome furniture will not, unaided, make a home cheerful. The charm of a cozy home rests principally with the housekeeper. If she is fortunate enough to have sunny, well lighted rooms her task is half done.

In apartments into which the sun never shines recourse must be made to various devices to make up, so far as may be, for this grave lack. A sunless room should have bright furnishings. The walls should be warmly tinted, the curtains should give a rosy glow to the light that passes through them. An open fire always adds brightness and an air of comfort to the room.
An attractive room should not be too orderly. A book left lying on the table, a bit of needlework, an open piano may indicate the taste and occupations of the inmates without suggesting that there is not a place for everything in that room.
There is such a thing as being too neat and orderly in a home for the comfort of the inmates.

How to Walk Erect.
Many growing girls are inclined to stoop, and well meaning persons often advocate braces or shoulder straps as a means of correcting the tendency. The braces may force an upright carriage, but, says a scientific writer, they do not give the wearer any means of maintaining it, since they prevent the exercise of those muscles which should be trained to produce an erect figure. Any exercise which strengthens the muscles of the back and shoulders will aid in correcting this defect. Old fashioned mothers used to drill their stooping daughters to walk with a plate carried on their head, and this is really a very good practice. High pillows and very soft mattresses are blamed as an aid in producing this defect, and without a doubt a flat, rather hard bed, with low pillows, is preferable for growing children.—Scottish American.

How Victoria Wooded Slumber.
Queen Victoria used to sleep between woollen blankets or sheets woven especially for her use. They were made very soft and fleecy and thin, and, as she never used them after they were washed, she required about eight new pairs every month. When she had discarded them, they were sent to the hospitals. One firm supplied these blankets to her majesty for 40 years. In order to keep her feet warm, she had queer little contrivances—fur lined bags, or "foot muffs"—made by the same firm. This concern also regularly redraped her rooms with chintz (cretonne), always of the same design and coloring, which by royal order might not be duplicated for any one else.

A WARM ENCOUNTER.
LIVELY EXPERIENCE OF A CAMPER WITH A SWARM OF WASPS.

How the Chopping Up of an Old Oak Log Resulted in Presenting the Axman With a Few Practical Points in Natural History.

Speaking about wasps reminds me of the time when I was on the railway survey making a reconnaissance through the Siskiyou mountains of the C. and O. road. Our camp was pitched in the Sacramento canyon, and we had been six weeks in the same place. A short distance above the camp was a large oak tree, in whose shade the boys would lie on a blanket and read in their leisure moments. A large limb had been wrenched off in some storm and lay, dry and weather beaten, on the sunny side of the tree, where no one wished to lie.

About the time we were to break camp and come out for the winter it had turned quite cold up there in the mountains, with sharp frosts every night. One evening one of the party named Jim and myself reached camp ahead of the others and found the Chinese cook in a very morose frame of mind and no preparations being made for supper. It seems that the axman, whose duty it was to supply camp fuel, had overlooked his hand, and there was no wood to cook with, and the Chinaman was sullen and angry and was sulking in his tent like Achilles.

Jim at once volunteered to go and cut wood enough for the evening meal, being always a good natured fellow and ready to accommodate even a sulky Chinaman. During our summer in the mountains Jim had returned to primeval ways. He had not shaved or cut his hair nor used a comb more than once a week. He wore a flannel shirt open at the neck, exposing a well haired breast, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. A pair of trousers confined at the waist by a leather belt, with the legs tucked into a pair of strong boots, had comprised his apparel during the trip. Altogether he had become a wild and weird figure.

Jim started out to cut some wood and bethought him of the large dry limb lying under our loafing tree as being suitable and handy to camp. I had washed myself and lain down in my tent with an old illustrated paper to while away the time and had drawn a blanket over myself to keep out the evening chill. I heard Jim industriously plying his ax for a moment, and then the strokes ceased, and there came some words of wild profanity from the mountain side, followed by the sound of coming feet and flying gravel. A second afterward Jim's face, distorted and wild looking, was thrust through the tent flaps, and in a voice almost inarticulate with pain and rage he yelled: "Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off!"

I certainly thought the man had suddenly gone insane, as in his unkempt condition he looked the part naturally. Then he disappeared from the tent door and went shouting, in a voice lessening with the distance, all kinds of weird profanity, mingled with howls and cries to "Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off! Pick 'em off! For God's sake pick 'em off!"
At last there came to my ears one last shout and a great splash as he landed in the river. I sprang to the tent door and looked out in alarm in time to see Jim emerge dripping from his plunge bath and plucking frantically at his beard and hair. After a moment he started for the cook and in picturesque language commanded him to "Pick 'em off!" "Surely," I thought, "poor Jim has gone mad," but on approaching the pair I found the cook busy in removing scores of yellow jackets from the poor fellow's hair and beard.

Jim sat on a stool with his back to the fire during the operation, as he was shivering with cold after his plunge in the river, and all at once a new look of wildness came into his eyes, and with another curse he sprang to his feet, threw his hands over his head, and grasping his shirt in the back he tore it off with one motion and threw it from him.
As he did so a whole handful of the tormenting insects fell from his person. These had been warmed back into working condition by the heat of the fire and had given him a few parting shots.

It seemed that the limb of the oak tree that he had started to chop had a lively colony of wasps in it which no one of us had discovered in all our loafing near it, but on his cutting into the nest they attacked him furiously. As the evening was so cold they were not lively and stuck where they alighted and presented him with a few practical points in natural history.

His head swelled up the following night like the proverbial poisoned pup's, and he kept his bed till we broke camp.—L. W. W. in Forest and Stream.

A Mountain of Coal.
About 35 miles from Sydney is the town of Clifton, and the hill on which it stands is still occasionally called Coal cliff.

More than a century ago some explorers noticed a black seam and some black patches, but no attention was paid to these or to the lumps which were lying about the coast, as they were thought to be slate. Not long afterward another party, which had been shipwrecked on the coast and was traveling to Sydney under immense difficulties, proved that these pieces were coal by using them to make a fire.

This was really the beginning of coal mining in that colony, but Coal cliff itself has not really been worked owing to the difficulty of getting at the mineral. The coal mountain therefore remains and is one of the very few instances where this fuel is found so much above the level of the ground.

NEW SILK GOWNS.
Smart Fashions in Foulards, Both the Costly and the Cheap.
There has come a departure from high priced foulards to those of moderate price and still further to very cheap ones. Although any one buying this last named cannot expect to get more than one season out of it, she will get a more economical gown than if it were a washable fabric.
Accepting this fact, there are few prettier ways of making up these cheap foulards for young persons than to plisse the skirts and bodices and, for matrons, to flounce the skirt in fitted plaques or to gather them on slightly in straight stripes. Vogue, in giving the styles here enumerated, illustrates also two more elaborate and costly confections.
One costume is of violet and white figured satin foulard over white taffeta.



DAINTY SPRING COSTUMES.
feta. The foundation is circular, with a deep shaped circular flounce with accordion plaiting and black lace. The foulard drop skirt is also circular, with deep flounce edged with narrow lace. The waist fastens at the back; sleeves slightly full. The lace hat is banded with deep violet velvet and has a mass of violets on the crown and leaves trailing over the brim.

The second figure is ivory white foulard with blue rings and polka dots over taffeta; the trimming, venise lace points; sleeves in two deep points, with venise undersleeves and a soft girle of black velvet. A neapolitan hat of folded black mousseline, with deep yellow rose under the brim at the left, completes this costume.

Carriage and Clothes.
"Carriage is one of the chief essentials," says a social authority. "I have seen women who simply by the way they held themselves appeared several inches taller and showed to greater advantage than a companion to whom nature alone had been far kinder. The next thing, of course, is clothes; not alone what they are, but the manner in which they are put on. Every one knows that some women look dowdy in the most elaborate confections from the best French atteliers, while others show style and grace in cotton gowns that have been made by a home dressmaker. Such adaptability is generally a natural gift; but it can also be acquired, and it behooves every woman to study her personal appearance and how she can make the best of herself. Older women often score in this way over their younger rivals. We cannot look young, but at least we may look new."

Benzoin For the Toilet.
Benzoin as a tincture is an excellent thing for the toilet. This fragrant, resinous substance soothes, heals, stimulates and whitens the skin. Three or four drops in a basin of water for a face rinse after the morning bath will give a smoothness otherwise hard to obtain. Where the skin needs cleansing add a little pinch of refined borax to the benzoin water, dry well and, if needed, rub the face, especially at night, with the cold cream.

Stylish New Riding Coat.
A swell riding coat for the coming season is illustrated by Vogue. This coat is of covert cloth stitched with



RIDING COAT OF COVERT CLOTH.
silk in the same color. It has a fly front and flap pockets fastened with small bone buttons.

The Value of Apples.
Apples are said to be the best food for brain workers, as they contain more phosphoric acid than any other fruit. They also promote sleep and thoroughly disinfect the mouth. A raw apple is digested in one hour and a half. If taken freely at breakfast with brown bread and no meat, they have an admirable effect on the system. For those who do not care for raw apples baked ones are equally good.

First Horse in Central Africa.
In "A White Woman in Central Africa" Miss Caddick gives an interesting account of the first horse which had survived the attacks of the tsetse fly on the journey from Durban to Mlanje. This lucky or luckless animal had an adventure on the way which came near ending its history, if not its life.
The horse was landed safely at Chilromo, but one evening while the party was in camp something frightened it, and it broke away, with the saddle on its back.
The boys followed it in vain and at last gave it up as lost and went on to Mlanje. From there natives were sent out in all directions to search for the lost horse.

It was quite two weeks before the animal was found, tired out, very hungry and still very much frightened. Its saddle was still on, but turned underneath its body.
It was the first horse the natives had seen, and they gazed at it awestruck, not daring to touch it, nor even to go near it. Finally they gave the animal a great heap of native corn, and while it was eating they hastily put a fence around it, which they made very high and strong. They then built a roof to shelter the horse from the sun and sent off for the owner to come quickly.

It was a long time before the poor beast got over the fright and the fatigue and the sore places caused by the saddle, but it did recover at last and became the joy and pride of its owner.

Tougher Than Leather.
In New York the other day a typical street fakir was selling boxes of shoe polish. At the top of his voice he was telling the virtues of the compound. "All you have to do, gents," he said, "is to put it on, and your boots will shine like patent leather. You don't have to rub it, and it will preserve the leather and make it waterproof. It costs but a nickel, a half a dime, one-twentieth of a dollar, and," he concluded, holding out a box toward a rawboned countryman, "here is one man that wants a box, I know."
"Waal, I dunno whether I dew er not," said the countryman. "I rather guess the danged stuff's got acids in it, and it'll rot the leather."

"Sir," answered the fakir, with great solemnity, "you are unduly incredulous. I will demonstrate to you that this polish is so harmless that it might be put into the hands of a teething child. Look, I will eat it!"
As he spoke he took a pinch of the grimy looking compound from a box, placed it in his mouth, and, with a look of triumph in his eyes, began to chew it. "Now, sir," he said to the countryman, "are you convinced?"
"Waal, I dunno," said the incredulous one. "Because you eat the stuff it ain't no proof that it won't rot leather. Guess I won't buy none."

Peagee on the Decimal System.
As money is to be the master, would it not be wise to have our peagee established on the decimal system? It would work out in this way. The rank of a man should depend entirely upon his income as returned by him for taxing purposes and would vary with it. Thus one with an income of \$150,000 and over would be a duke, \$100,000 would be a marquis, \$50,000 would be an earl, \$25,000 would be a viscount, \$10,000 would be a baron, \$5,000 would be a baronet, \$1,000 would be a knight and \$500 would be an esquire. The rest would be the copper classes.

The scheme would be especially serviceable in increasing the amount of the income tax, for of course every self respecting Englishman would return his income at the highest figure which his resource could support. What man so sordid that, having but \$500 a year, he would not willingly pay tax on \$1,000 so as to enjoy the right of being dubbed a knight? The instinct of self advancement would make each pay on the highest scale, so that the revenue would benefit enormously, and the authorities could rely upon the vast majority of taxpayers overstating rather than understating their incomes.—London Truth.

Coffee Not Necessarily Harmful.
At the department of agriculture some thorough tests have been made of samples of coffee to determine the extent and nature of coffee adulterations. The results are entirely reassuring to coffee lovers. The expert in charge finds that while very little pure Java or Mocha berries find their way into the American market, almost if not quite as good flavored beans are had from other tropical places, Porto Rico and Hawaii being mentioned as furnishing good coffee. The adulterants, when used, are for the most part harmless.

The testing chemist further declares that the use of coffee in moderation should not do any injury to adults even if continued a full lifetime, but mentions in detail what moderation means. This is a cupful—only half of it coffee, the rest hot milk—at breakfast, none at noon, and a small cup of black coffee after dinner. On some systems undoubtedly coffee may act as a poison, and such persons, of course, should not drink it. The average grown person in normal health may use it moderately without harm.—Exchange.

Capers.
Those curious little appetizers, capers, without which the boiled leg of mutton is incomplete, are cultivated largely in southern France, especially Savoy, but many come to us from the Balearic islands, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Spain, where they grow wild. The vines clamber over the rock in a very beautiful manner, and the berry, which is the seed vessel of the plant, is gathered by the peasantry. Capers are publicly sold in the market places of Balearic towns and shipped to Spanish or French ports for exportation.

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ALWAYS TRUE TO HERSELF.

Nature is always true to herself. Of her prodigal gifts, always in store for mankind, she gives out each year very nearly the same average amount. The recent rain of a week or more is only the replenishing of the waters from which she has been withholding the usual supply. You may be sure that when Nature gets a little behind, she will in good time more than catch up. It is only a little time ago, that there was a general complaint, "the springs are low," while at present the complaint is that "our cellars are lakes." If anyone has of late been praying for rain he has surely overdone the matter.

AN ORATOR STILL.

Those who heard Gen. Bancroft, last night for the first time, learned that the capable head of the Boston Elevated system was an accomplished orator. The general was a "city father" in Cambridge for a number of years, and served as mayor of that city for four years. During that period he was in great demand as a public speaker, and his addresses were almost as numerous as the days of the year. Gen. Bancroft has lost none of his ability in that direction. On the contrary, he seems to have "improved with age."

TO GET A BETTER HOLD.

The surer way to get a better hold is oftentimes to let go your grip. He reaches the highest who has previously reached the lowest. To get up, whether in the world of morals or in the world of intellect, one first needs to get down. To successfully climb, presupposes that one begins his ascent on the lowest round of the ladder. The difficulty with the most of us is that we are so good that there is little or no chance of our becoming better. We too frequently get so high up that we cannot look down to the depths, so as to recognize the wants of those below us. Why live such a sham life longer? Why not accept the relationship existing between us and the lowest of the low? This immutability is enough to tire one to death. Let go your false grip, and so get a better and truer hold on life.

O, SEE!

Everyone in Arlington awoke early Friday morning, singing, with Tennyson's sweet May queen:
"O, see, the sun begins to rise,
The heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields,
And all of them I know."
Every man, woman and child of us must have been saying for the past week, with the dying girl:
"I wish the snow would melt,
And the sun come out on high;
I long to see a flower so,
Before the day I die."
Well, the sun is out again, so that now the flowers will soon be in bloom once more, adding their silent voices to the music of the birds. Who could but stand and gratefully watch the stars on Thursday evening, after having been veiled for eleven long nights? Jewels, indeed, set in the heavens. Let us thank God for the clear, genial skies again.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

At a certain house in Arlington, one particularly inviting in all its surroundings, there is the following ominous advice posted by the gateway, and in a conspicuous place within the yard, "Beware of the dog." In passing this house the other day, we involuntarily betook ourselves to the other side of the street, thinking in this instance, as in many another, that "discretion is the better part of valor." But the thought suggested itself to us that instead of having any occasion to post this ugly and exclamatory "Beware of the dog," it would be better to have printed in large letters, "Come in." Having the latch, string hang out, and at the same time having a cross dog keeping watch, serves as a substantial hint that one is to keep on his way, instead of taking the trouble and risk to pull the door-bell. It is the "Come in," with the assurance of a safe entrance to the house, that gives welcome to the stranger or other.

"LONG DISTANCE COURTSHIP."

The above was the heading of a leading article in a New York paper a few days ago, and so out-of-joint is the subject with all that is so pleasant and agreeable in this line in individual experience, that we read the article through from beginning to end with no little interest. That writer is doomed to fail in any attempt he may make to prove that a successful and enjoyable courtship may be had with long distances intervening between the lovers. Miles Standish tried this long distance way of "sparking," through the lips of another, and came out as he must have necessarily come,

second best. When John Alden sat down with Priscilla for the purpose of telling her of Miles Standish and that "it is the will of the Lord, and His mercy endureth forever," Priscilla kept John talking of "the birds and the beautiful spring-time," and they "talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow," so that in spite of "it is the will of the Lord, and His mercy endureth forever," John was all the while unconsciously making his way into the very heart of hearts of the Puritan maiden largely for the reason that he was by her side, so naturally enough Priscilla at last "said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The successful lover, if he wins at all, must win through his personal presence. There is a magnetism coming from bodily presence which cannot be had over long distances, and through the voice of a third person. The young man must ask the momentous question for himself if he would hope for an affirmative reply. Miles Standish saw his mistake when it was too late.

There can be no improvements made on the original methods in courtship. It must be a face-to-face communion with the lovers with no third person within sight or sound. The language of the eye and of the voice that tells cannot be sent over the wires. Your long distance courtship is a ridiculous farce on the good old way of making love.

PET WORDS.

We'll venture there is not one person in many who has not his or her pet word in the average conversation of the day. This word, whatever it may be, is used so frequently that the attention of the listener is often called to it at the expense of the thought intended to be expressed. We now have in mind a man of liberal education and culture who so frequently uses the word "apprehend," in the most ordinary conversation, that he is known by all his friends as "Old Apprehension." This fault, for fault it is, of constantly repeating some supposed choice word belongs to the most of us. Many of our so-called literary men and women, in their desire to be altogether elegant in their diction, have evidently hunted the dictionaries to find some dear pet word to give tone and character to their language. But in all this they make a serious mistake, for that language is best when one's attention is not especially called to its makeup. Good English is always rightfully demanded by intelligent and cultured people, but the matter is overdone when one is so studied and careful in his use of language that it becomes mere affectation. We have heard those in conversation so exact and precise in the use of words that it has been a relief to us to hear someone murder his grammar in expressing a thought that had meat in it.

Why not say what we have to say in language so simple that it can easily be understood? That woman is said to be gowned in the best taste whose attire is the soonest forgotten, because no one part of her dress is conspicuous at the expense of what should be considered as a whole. The gown may and will likely be forgotten, while the sensible woman wearing the plain homely gown will be remembered. And in no way different is it with the language we use. Let the choice pet word be frequently repeated and the chances will be that the thought is forgotten. On the other hand let the language be plain and simple, then will the thought be remembered. Do you, reader, take the necessary time to consider if you have not some pet word that you are riding to death. If you have such, blot it out of your vocabulary at once.

WRONGLY DEFINED.

Much that is unpleasant and disagreeable in life comes from the fact that terms used and so frequently considered fundamental are often wrongly defined. Things become uncomfortable for the most of us, because they do not accord with the popular notion. Men and women are not usually content to do that which is in itself right, unless everybody in their little neighborhood previously agrees that it is right. And so it is that the most of us are limited in the full, free, frank expression of what we feel and what we really are by what is termed the "conventional" idea of propriety. We keep ourselves hemmed in and fenced in on all sides, not so much that we fear committing the unpardonable sin against the Maker of all things, as we do in offending that so-called eminent propriety which is so often a mere sham to cloak what is in itself a gross impropriety. We have in mind at this writing, that whole-souled expression of friendship which gives itself in its trinity of life to the friend whom we profess to love. The truth is, a cold and formal social life often steps in between the friends of years, and so destroys a real friendship by cruelly vetoing its proper expression.

Arlington, as well as every other locality, is today more or less unfavorably affected by a wrong definition of terms. Society in its more popular phase makes oftentimes without any sort of reason or authority, inflexible rules which do nothing other than kill outright. Why not be content to give expression to whatever is right? Suppose someone is shocked thereby? What of it? Are we to sacrifice all the pleasures of soul, mind and body, and even sacrifice life itself, because some Mrs. Grundy is ready to point the finger of shame at us? We ought to be more than satisfied when we are so true and loyal to nature that she comes to us with a prodigal hand bestowing upon us her richest gifts. Let us not hesitate to respond to her generous offerings, whether they come in the fullness and richness of earth and sky, or whether they come in that greater fullness and richness of men and women who have hearts and souls and bodies, too, to give to their fellows. Do not let us longer attempt to thwart that great loving nature of the outward and inward world, by still persisting in having our actions square in every instance with that everlasting "propriety," which stands in the way of so much that is evidently right. The world is ours, and it is for us to appropriate and make it our own. Let us not impoverish ourselves, surrounded as we are by such a wealth of plenty as is found in all life, from the lowest up to the human kind.

NINETEENTH OF APRIL.
The 19th of April, 1775, will ever remain

a red-letter day in our American history, for it was on that memorable date that this free, republican government of ours was conceived in blood, and which was finally brought forth into that world of individual liberty which is the most priceless jewel of all in our crown of American freedom. The American revolution gave peculiar and striking emphasis to the eternal fact that God is always on the side of right, or otherwise it would not have been possible for Captain Parker, with his fifty minute-men to have repulsed, at Lexington green, on that eventful morning in April, the advance British forces, numbering several hundred men, under Major Pitcairn. "The embattled farmers," that morning, "fired the shot heard round the world." Arlington, Lexington and Concord make up the very forefront and foreground of that long revolutionary struggle, out of which was born a new world of thought and action. In this trio of illustrious towns named, we naturally give Arlington first place, as it was here in our own fair town that the first blood of that terrible war for independence was shed. The old Russell house on Jason street, in which eleven brave men were killed, bears even to this day, color stains of that heroic blood which was the seed of American freedom. The American revolution underscored for all time the fact, that a righteous cause gives that zeal and earnestness which cannot be overcome by superior numbers. Those farmers who "left their ploughshares in the mould, their flocks and herds without a fold," were terribly in earnest, willing to give up, if need be, their lives for the everlasting right. The battles of Lexington and Concord are familiar to every schoolboy, so we need not dwell upon them; but it is the lesson which comes to us from Lexington and Concord that should be repeated over and over again. The most of the failures in life are to be traced to an unworthy cause and to half-heartedness.

With the spirit of an indomitable perseverance all obstacles in the way of duty may be overcome. There is no lion in the way to him who is right. "One on God's side is a majority." The American revolution has emblazoned the world over the fundamental truth that no man can long remain master of his fellow. The eternal right must prevail, and anything that man may do to thwart the infinite plan will and can avail nothing. Man may hinder and delay, but try as he may he cannot defeat the ends of justice. The logic of events is not to be controverted. And so that seven years' war for personal freedom was sure from the beginning to achieve its object.

Yes, the 19th of April, 1775, is a red-letter day—it is the focal date from which we reckon. Next Friday morning all Arlington should be early active. The Veteran Firemen's association will draw the crowd. Let us all fall into line and add to the patriotic outbursts that will be made all along the line of march. Arlington has many reasons to celebrate, for she was a conspicuous factor in the fight for American liberty.

TRAGEDIES IN LIFE.

Of all the tragedies in life, there is not one to be compared to that of the home. When that spot of earth, which, above all others, should be "a heaven on earth," is turned into a veritable hell, then will one find all the demons let loose to do their worst. The most prolific reason of all, why too frequently unhappy and miserable homes are found in so many localities in this country, comes from our ill advised marriage and divorce laws. There is every reason why these laws should be wisely enacted and uniform throughout all the states. It must necessarily be destructive to good morals when men and women can easily secure a divorce in one state, and then as easily re-marry in another state. Our laws on marriage and divorce should be zealously guarded. And then again were men and women to regard in every instance the scripture injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together," one would be sure to seldom or never find an unhappy home. This simply marrying a pretty face is invariably nothing other than an imminent risk. And on the other hand, that girl takes lots of chances who marries for money alone. However fortunate the material surroundings, these cannot in and of themselves make the home. A real, genuine heart love must enter into the marriage relationship or otherwise it will prove the biggest kind of a failure. The husband and wife well matched in moral, intellectual and physical qualities, then one may be pretty sure of an Eden reproduced. And then the children that come to such a home will be so many certificates of the wise choice the father and mother made in their selection of each other. We all make too little of this home-life of ours. God pity that home where its members are at variance with one another. Such instances ought not to occur, and they would not occur were wise counsels to prevail in the education of the children. The misfortune, and it is an overwhelming one, is that our boys and girls are left too frequently all unadvised on the subject of an intelligent love—and so they take to their own way in making their selection of a life companion. The old saying, that "love goes where it is sent," is the most consummate nonsense. The intellectual and physical conditions being what they should be, then love becomes or should become largely an educational matter in all its essential features.

It is a mathematical truth that you cannot add unlike quantities in the material world—no more can you make one that husband and wife who are totally unlike in their intellectual tastes and purposes, and equally unlike in their desires for social life. In this love making business, there needs to be introduced a good amount of common sense and lots of the arithmetic taught in our public schools. But so long as many men and women will insist on "love at first sight," and then go straight for the minister to tie the knot, then one may reasonably expect that, after a little, the whirlwind and the cyclone will make angry the domestic heavens, doing destructive work to all domestic life. These home tragedies are no farces. Your "skeleton in the closet" is more to be dreaded than any grave yard ghost. These family wrangles are the worst wrangles of all. Husband and wife by the ears means a warfare where there is no surrender each to the other. It is war to the hilt, and death every time to both parties concerned. Yes, the blindest tragedy, before which all others pale, is the tragedy of

an unhappy home life.

Don't forget that Friday of next week is the 19th of April, or Patriots' day. Remember the entertainment to be given in the town hall in the morning, and the meeting of the Historical society in the evening in the town hall, both of which were spoken of at some length in the Enterprise of last week. The Arlington Veteran Firemen's association, with the old Eureka in hand, will make an attractive showing on our public streets, and the Rough Riders are to add their numbers to the parade. Altogether, Arlington is to have a full day on the 19th.

Why not muzzle the dogs as well as license them? It is only a few days ago that a mad dog was shot here in our streets. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Query: If capital punishment is right, then why should its infliction be deferred for a time on account of the ill health of the culprit. Will Governor Crane please answer?

Rain storms, however long continued do little to disturb Arlington whist parties. "What are trumps?" is the question, whether the sun shines or not.

Those not receiving the Enterprise promptly will oblige this office by notifying us at once.

Arlington's fair maidens looked very fine, last Sunday, despite the weather.

"For the rain it raineth every day," or did.

The annual meeting of St. John's parish was held Monday evening, Dr. Hubbard Foster and J. O. Goldsmith were re-elected wardens, and W. D. Ewell, clerk. The following gentlemen were chosen as vestrymen: Messrs. Thorpe, Clark, Sullivan, Lancaster, Arms, Buhlert and Hubbard.

The Easter music will be repeated at St. John's church, Sunday. The rector will preach at each service, 10.30 and 7.00.

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Arlington Heights.

The Easter services at the Park Avenue church were largely attended both morning and evening. The subject of the morning discourse was "Some Great Reasons for Believing in the Future Life." Rev. Mr. Taylor made the following divisions of his subject. First, "Man's inquiry as to a future life"; second, "The divine nature and its self-imposed obligations"; third, "The soul's relation to God"; fourth, "The belief in a future life, because of the personality of Jesus." The music rendered was the program given in last week's Enterprise. The morning service consisted of music and a talk by the pastor on the resurrection as seen in the "newness of life." The new organ gave out its rich, melodious tones at both the morning and evening service. Miss Edith Mann is the organist.

A highly enjoyable entertainment was given Thursday evening by the young people of the Park Avenue Congregational church. The three-act drama, "New Hampshire Gold," was given by the following: Harold Fay, Herbert Pierce, Willie Partridge, Charles Sloan, Edward Nicoll, Charles Kohler, Florence Gardner, Mattie Davidson, Georgia Henderson, Ethel Goodwillie, George Dwyer, George Bacon and Ida Lewis.

The Bean house on the corner of Appleton and Vine streets has been sold to the editor of the Universalist Leader.

Mrs. Ingelton Schenck, of Appleton street, has been seriously ill with pneumonia. At this writing she is reported better.

Mrs. Wright, of Appleton street, is repairing her house, previous to letting it. Mrs. John R. Wallace, who has been ill at the Massachusetts General hospital, has returned home much improved in health.

Mrs. John A. Irwin has returned home from the hospital, where she underwent a successful operation.

The M. M. club met Tuesday afternoon with Miss Alice White, of France avenue, as the guest of honor.

Miss Anna Holbrook, of Elmwood street, and Fred Hardy, of Westminster avenue, are to be married next Wednesday, by Rev. Robert E. Ely, formerly pastor of the Park Avenue church.

The Sunlight club will Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Whitaker on Oak-land avenue.

Last Sunday morning Rev. A. W. Lorimer gave an interesting and instructive discourse appropriate to Easter. In the evening, although the weather was inclement, the church was filled so that there remained only standing room. The concert was very interesting, and especially did the younger portion manifest the Easter spirit. The recitations were perfect, and the singing was all that could be desired.

Miss Burt's class of the Baptist Sunday school, "The Parther Lights," was to have held an interesting service on the missions in Japan, Tuesday evening, with Miss Gertrude Finley, but on account of the threatening weather, the attendance was exceedingly small.

Wednesday evening the annual roll call of the Arlington Heights Baptist church was held at the church. The service was of a social character. There were forty-four present, and as the pastor called each name, a cordial response was given. Those members not present sent words of cheer, which were read by the clerk pro tem, Mr. Streeter. Among the invited guests who were present was A. T. Eddy, of Boston, who always receives a warm welcome, and who, although not a member of the church, was gladly given the place of "honorary member."

His remarks were cheering and his advice was timely. J. K. Simpson also was present, and made some pleasant remarks. Dr. Babbitt was also there, and others whose faces the members were glad to see.

Friday evening, the young people's prayer meeting was led by A. T. Eddy, of Tremont Temple.

The Arlington Heights Baptist church has issued a unique glass paper-weight with the picture of the church building imbedded in it.

The citizens of the Heights are soon to present a petition to the Boston & Maine R. R., asking for a platform on the north side of the station.

W. G. Kimball, the builder and contractor, is putting an addition on the half of the house known as the Joseph Eaton house on Vine street, and raising the old addition one story.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

There has been much speculation as to who would assume the roles of Simple Simon and Little Miss Muffet in the coming revival of "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Boston Museum, beginning May 13. Those who saw the production at the Hollis Street theatre last season, Christmas week, and during the run at the Casino, in New York, well recall what great success was made by Sager Midge and Gertrude Carlisle, respectively, in these characters, and the parts seemed so difficult for a grown person to interpret that it struck one as impossible to secure successful successors.

That was just what the management thought, too, so they tried to secure Midge and Carlisle as their own successors. At first this plan seemed doomed to failure, but negotiations have been finally concluded, and patrons may well conclude that with two such clever people in the cast, Messrs. Rich, Harris and Frohman have made capital selections in picking out "Little Red Riding Hood," as the attraction to inaugurate the former Museum custom of spring productions of musical extravaganzas.

To secure Midge and Carlisle was necessary to arrange for the cancellation of their important vaudeville engagements all over the country.

Charles Dennee, who wrote the famous "Boogie Man" song, with which Midge and Carlisle made such a hit at the Hollis, has written an entirely new song for them on the same order, which promises to exceed in popularity the first one. The first one, by the way, has since been appropriated in so many musical productions that it has grown old with popularity, and the watch-word with the production is: "Everything new except the title."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Very few attractions for the ensuing year have given as much promise as the play to be produced at the Grand Opera house next week. The play is called "Human Spiders," and is by the celebrated author, Theodore Kremer.

It gives us a glimpse of the French ball at the height of its gaiety. One of the gayest is Katrina Dinkenspiel, who because of the fact that she is "chast off from Germany," rather than being clumsy, causes her to continually stumble over the English language. Stella Norris and Robert Curtis are also in the giddy throng. The former is the widow of millionaire Charles Belmont, whose sudden and mysterious death only recently astounded all New York, that is, as far as the play goes.

The suspicion of Grace, his daughter by a former wife, is aroused, and she, with Dr. Clarence Robson, intend with the purpose of spying on the former "Queen of Light," as she was known in Paris. They are assisted by "Dick" Raymond, a detective. Just as the champagne is flowing and the fun goes on without interruption or restraint, the enemies meet. There is a dramatic scene, a denunciation of Stella Norris by Grace, and the curtain falls just as the audience is aroused to a state of expectancy for "things to happen." Things do happen all through the play.

"Human Spiders" easily figures as the best comedy-drama ever brought upon the stage. It gives the audience a grand opportunity to review a number of characters to be found in metropolitan life, and while the play is far away from the class of sensational productions, it deals with a series of startling situations. The play is staged, by the way, by R. A. Roberts.

There will be an extra matinee, Friday, April 19, which is Patriots' day. The regular performances are every evening at 8, with Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees.

CONCORD.

The observation of Patriots' day in Concord this year will be concluded by a concert and ball for the benefit of the Spanish-American War Veterans' association of company of Sixth Regiment, United States Volunteers. The committee in charge not only includes the officers of the association, but the selectmen of the town and many leading townspeople, and is as follows: Murray Ballou, Col. Richard F. Barrett, Edward J. Bartlett, H. E. Bass, J. William Byron, John W. Cull, Capt. A. B. C. Dakin, Philip A. Davis, William N. Decker, Benjamin Derby, Elmer E. Eason, Capt. John L. Gilmour, John W. Hagerty, Capt. Joseph S. Hart, Raphael M. Hoyle, Francis T. Jackson, John M. Keyes, Charles W. Prescott, E. Farnum Smith, Walter Sohler, John B. Studley, Thomas Todd, Jr., James H. Tolman, Charles S. Towne, Samuel H. Tuttle, Harvey Wheeler, Harry W. Wheeler, Charles H. Whitney, Harry R. Worthley, Benjamin W. Brown.

FIREMEN'S BALL.

The annual dance of the Concord Fire department was held in the town hall Monday evening, and it was the most successful dance given by the fire-fighters for many years. The proceeds were from many of the departments of the neighboring towns.

The rear of the stage was decorated with flags and bunting, while on the stage were many of the implements used by a fire, including hydrants, hose and extinguishers. The electric lights had been arranged in colors and with them many pretty effects were shown.

The committee of arrangements for the dance was: Thomas P. Varley, William J. Loughlin, James J. Mara, James F. Coughlin, James Donovan, Jr., Michael McHugh and James H. Finnigan.

Among the town officers present were John M. Keyes, George M. Baker and Alfred B. C. Dakin.

Chief Engineer George G. Morrell was floor marshal, William J. Loughlin floor director, James H. Finnigan and James J. Mara assistants, and the aids were Messrs. Edward W. Flannery, M. J. Cull, J. J. Hanley, R. H. Coleman, James F. McKenna, Harry L. R. Prentiss, Karl Elerson, Thomas J. Byron, William Clahane, Martin Finnigan, Frank Mara, M. J. Flannery, Patrick McHugh, Charles Ingerbresten, M. D. Powers, Edward Varley and Clarence B. Byron.

An orchestra from Boston under the direction of E. E. Towne, furnished music for the occasion. A promenade concert of popular selections was given from 8 to 9, and the grand march was started shortly after 9. It was waltz time, followed by 50 couples. Dancing was continued until 2, an intermission being taken shortly before midnight for refreshments, which were served in the lower hall.

GREAT DAY.

Program of County C. E. Convention Promises a Treat For All Who Attend.

The program for next Friday's county convention of the Christian Endeavor societies at South Framingham, has been prepared. It is as follows: Praise service, conducted by Frank Atkinson, Natick; devotional service, Rev. Franklin Hutchinson, Framingham; words of welcome, Rev. Dr. F. E. Emrich, South Framingham; response, district secretary, address, Dr. Julia Morton Plummer, Boston; open discussion, "The Methods of Service," conducted by H. N. Lathrop, president Massachusetts C. E. union; address, Rev. Dr. C. H. Daniels, Boston; consecration service, conducted by Rev. Lawrence Phillips, Framingham; conference of Junior workers; intermission; praise service, conducted by Frank Atkinson; devotional service, Rev. L. R. Eastman, Framingham; remarks by presiding officer, Geo. W. Coleman, Boston; address, "China's Call for Service," Rev. H. P. Perkins, China; address, Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, Philadelphia.

Both the afternoon and evening sessions will be held at the Congregational church on Union avenue, a few minutes' walk from the steam railroad station. Supper will be served by the Framingham union in the armory, a short distance from the church.

The trains on the Boston & Albany R. R. leave Boston at 1.00 and 1.02 p.m. Endeavorers are asked to plan to go on the one o'clock train. Special trains will be run to Boston at the close of the convention, reaching Boston a little before ten o'clock. A reduced fare of 60 cents for the round trip has been obtained. Tickets will be sold at the South Terminal station or at Trinity place.

UNIVERSALIST SUPPER.

The last supper of the three, which have been given during the season by the Universalist church, was held Friday evening in the vestry of the church. These suppers have proved to be occasions of much social and literary enjoyment.

The supper, Monday evening, was served at 6.30 o'clock and in a way happily unique. Those present were seated at small tables in congenial companies of four and six. The tables were decorated with choice flowers. The waitresses were the young misses of the church and they presented a pretty appearance, gowned as they were in white and yellow.

After the enjoyable hour at the tables the guests repaired to the auditorium of the church, where the following program was rendered: Organ selections by Mrs. Stevens, of Somerville; vocal solo by Mr. Sargent, of Lexington; flute solo, Henry A. Leeds, of Bartlett avenue.

An interesting paper, by Miss Susie Winn, was read, subject, "A Rummage Sale." The evening was rendered most enjoyable of the series of entertainments.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

In spite of the storm, the services at the Universalist church last Sunday were well attended. Three services of importance were held, the first being a communion service, at which the members of the church gathered, a number being received at this time into the fellowship of the church. The regular morning service came next. The music, as announced last week, was rendered by a chorus choir, under the direction of Mrs. Stevens, the organist, with Mrs. Sargent, soprano soloist, and Henry A. Leeds, flute soloist. The pastor preached an inspiring sermon on "The Nature of the Immortal Life." In the evening, instead of having a Sunday school concert as has generally been the case, heretofore, a vesper service was held with a short address on "The Source of the Joy of Easter," by the pastor, with singing by the chorus and by Howard Snelling, a boy soloist of considerable ability.

An account of these services must not close without mention of the decorations, which were artistic; elaborate enough to look rich, and yet not overdone, and were in keeping with the day. It is a noticeable fact that no service of any consequence is ever held in this church without the use of flowers in decorations.

Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Gloucester, will preach at the Universalist church, Sunday morning. The church will have a church supper last Sunday, will repeat its Easter music. In the evening Wilson Palmer will give a talk to the young people.

A "rummage sale" will be held in Swan's block during next week. "House-worn" articles of all kinds—books, china, pictures, statuary, articles of vertu—in fact, all things saleable, are solicited.

The next regular meeting of the Arlington Woman's club will be held Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in G. A. R. hall. Rev. William Long will speak on "Nature and the Child."

—THE—
LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, April 13, 1901.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 6.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE BY:
H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.

Publishers' Notice.

Until May 11 the subscriptions to the Enterprise will be received at 50 cents per year. It is seldom you get an 8-page up-to-date local paper for that price. The Enterprise ought to be a visitor at every house in Lexington.

WELCOME, NEIGHBOR.

The Enterprise extends a welcome to the Lexington Independent, whose initial number appeared last Saturday. This contemporary of ours makes a good start. If the rules laid down in its opening editorial, and telling just how a newspaper should be conducted, are followed, there is no reason why the paper should not become a useful ornament to the town. The management has our best wishes for a successful career.

We pride ourselves on our patriotism, but how many of us have ever spent more than a half hour in the Hancock-Clarke house? How many of us can name a dozen treasures which are preserved there? The Lexington Historical society is doing a good work, but it would accomplish far more if our citizens took as much interest as they should in these precious articles which actually cannot be given a monetary value.

A good way to celebrate the 19th would be to visit the Hancock-Clarke house and carefully examine the historical treasures which are preserved there. We who have these valuable relics at our very elbows do not value them as we should. When visitors will come across the whole length of the country to see the relics on Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, ought not we to have a little higher regard and a little stronger appreciation for them?

Lexingtonians went a-courting yesterday. Some of them were rather old for that sort of thing, perhaps, but they were only obeying the summons of the cry: "Come into court."

May each one of us do as much in our own line of work as did our forefathers who stood at the bridge and on the green and elsewhere.

Lexington cannot be considered narrow, when a Congregational and a Unitarian clergyman join in a Good Friday service.

Good-bye, Brother Cox, Lexington will miss you.

Next Friday is the day we celebrate.

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LEXINGTON LOCALS.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
The meeting of the Lexington Historical society, Tuesday night, was not a very important one. Mr. Staples delivered an excellent address on Thackeray, as announced. A large framed photograph of the old Bowman residence on the outskirts of East Lexington, the oldest house now standing in the town, was presented to the society by Mrs. Van Ness. The house was built in 1649.
The house committee was authorized and instructed to purchase fifty feet of garden hose, two iron fire pails, and two fire extinguishers, to be placed in the Hancock-Clarke house. Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Luke were elected members. The president, Mr. Staples, read a letter from Senator Hoar, stating the reasons why it would be impossible for him to deliver an address in Lexington, April 19.

George W. Sampson is now settled in his new office, occupying a corner of Nelson's shoe store. A telephone has been installed, and an electric drop light for his desk, and Mr. Sampson is ready to transact business with his usual energy.

It begins to look as though the Lexington postoffice would be rearranged according to the plans of Postmaster Saville. It is expected that before long a door will be cut through on the side of the building toward the station. This will add materially to the convenience of the office.

Postmaster Saville's son is a new clerk in the postoffice.

The American-Irish Historical society will visit Lexington April 19. The organization will meet the town officers at the town hall at noon, when certificates will be exchanged. A dinner will be served and brief addresses made by officers and guests of the society. The organization will visit the common and place a wreath on the monument to Revolutionary soldiers buried there. Lexington council, Knights of Columbus, will keep "open house" Friday.

Rev. Mr. Atchley, of Bath, Me., preached at the morning service at the Baptist church, last Sunday. The chorus choir rendered special music. A Sunday school concert was held at 7 p.m.

The poster which has been displayed in the postoffice, announcing last night's entertainment at the Old Belfry clubhouse, is the work of W. H. Butler, the retired artist, of the Carey farm. It is a fine work of art, and a very attractive poster.

Selectman George W. Spaulding arrived home Thursday noon, from his trip to North Carolina.

At a meeting of the High School Baseball association, held this week, it was voted to give \$5 toward the support of the golf team. This is a part of the money which the former organization made at its recent entertainment.

Mrs. E. S. Locke has been confined to her bed since last week Friday. She is suffering from the prevailing malady, the grip.

The freshman team of the high school defeated the Hancock school at basketball, Wednesday, in the hall of the latter school, by a score of 33 to 28.

Miss Louise Reed has returned to Lexington after a few months' visit in New York.

Messrs. Arthur Redman and Louis Crone, the Dartmouth college boys, are spending their vacation at home.

April 10 marked the end of the fifteenth year in which Rev. P. J. Kavanaugh has been pastor of St. Bridget's church. Some friends dined and spent a social evening at the parochial residence in honor of the occasion.

Miss Amy Taylor and also Miss Lillian Hamilton are home from Smith college on a vacation.

The month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Nutt, of Forest street, died Tuesday.

The Dartmouth College Dramatic club presented the comedy "Hunting for Hawkins," in the Old Belfry clubhouse, last evening. The affair was managed by two Lexington seniors, Messrs. A. P. Redman and L. L. Crone.

A. A. Sherman has been under the doctor's care, this week, suffering from a severe cold.

Patriots' day, both Concord and Lexington councils, K. of C., will keep open house. Visiting brothers will be hospitably entertained.

Supt. William H. Greene, of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Co., has returned from a visit to St. Louis.

Robert Brangwynne was married last Saturday to Miss Emma Sweeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sweeney. Both are residents of Lexington. Rev. Fr. W. J. Fennessey performed the ceremony.

Augustus Baker died last Sunday, aged about 60 years.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The "Musical Festival" given last week Friday afternoon in Emerson hall was a decided success. The musical program consisted of a piano duet by Misses Lawrence and Lewis, who played a march from Faust, piano solos by Miss Louise Gray, who played "Chariot Race" from "Ben Hur," "Primevere," by Miss Olive Teal and Mrs. Herbert Teal and Mrs. Leonard Lawrence.

There were songs by Miss Lotta A. Clark, "Heart's Delight," and "Daughter's Question," a piano trio by Misses Anna Lawrence, Eleanor Worthen and Mildred Caldwell; piano solo by Miss Henrietta Locke, clarinet solo by John Wright, and a song by the same gentleman.

Alfred Pierce loaned his gramophone, which was one of the pleasing features of the evening. Miss Anna Lawrence, who is a well known musician, was in charge of the music, and saw to it that every number went along with dispatch and precision.

Refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. Willard Pierce, Mrs. Gorham Buttrick and Mrs. W. F. Caldwell. The tables were in charge of Miss Flora Wright, assisted by Miss Olive Teal and Miss Louise Gray. It is safe to say that everyone who attended this party spent an enjoyable time, and the festival was a success in every sense of the word.

East Lexington.

PARISH MEETING.

The annual parish meeting of the Follen church was held Wednesday evening, in accordance with the warrant issued last week. S. M. Lawrence was chosen moderator.

The following officers and committees were elected: Clerk, George Foster; parish committee, Messrs. S. M. Lawrence, Larkin Smith and H. S. Teal; auditors, Messrs. C. G. Kauffmann and A. B. Smith; treasurer and collector, Miss Gertrude Pierce; assessors, S. M. Lawrence, George Foster, Mrs. S. M. Lawrence, Mrs. A. B. Smith and F. D. Pierce.

The various reports were given, all of which showed that the church was in a prosperous condition. From the treasurer's report, it appeared that although it had been necessary to make up a deficit of nearly \$200 from last year, there was a balance of \$75 in the treasury, and this with all bills paid and some subscriptions yet due.

The attendance at the meeting was larger than usual and the whole meeting was full of encouragement for the members. After this business had been transacted, the meeting adjourned for two weeks when the appropriation articles in the warrant will be taken up. Meanwhile, the assessors will do their work, in finding out how much money can be appropriated for next year's expenses.

The East Lexington Baptist church held Easter services at Emerson hall Sunday evening. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Eaton. Solos were given by Miss Grace Robinson and Mrs. Brown, of Somerville.

At the Follen church, East Lexington, Sunday morning, a sermon on "The Life to Come," was preached by Rev. L. D. Cochran. The special music program was given by the choir. Solo parts were rendered by the Misses Ball. In the evening, Miss Carrie A. Kauffmann is home from Manchester, Conn., spending a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Kauffmann, of Maple street.

The severe rains of the early part of the week flooded the cellar of the Adams school, till there was about 18 inches of water there. The fire department was called on Monday, for assistance, and the steamer came down from Lexington Center. The water was pumped out, but the next morning the condition was almost as bad.

The services at the Follen church, tomorrow, will be, as usual, a preaching service at 10.30, with the session of the Sunday school at noon.

The Friday club met yesterday afternoon in Emerson hall. Mrs. M. A. Pero read a paper on "Astronomy."

R. W. Holbrook returned, Sunday night, from his trip to New York. He reports that he enjoyed a few hours of sunlight while in the metropolis. It is safe to say that he has been an object of envy to his friends in East Lexington.

M. A. Pero had intended to enter his colt, "Tower Boy," in next Friday's race at Combination park, Medford. Owing to the recent wet weather, however, he has been unable to get the animal into good condition, and will, therefore, not enter the races.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

In the interclub league series on the Charlestown club alleys Tuesday night, the Old Belfry team of Lexington defeated the home team two out of three. The scores:

OLD BELFRY.			
Houghton	89	103	75
Reed	70	73	74
Gilmore	78	80	84
Henley	77	80	90
Peabody	90	86	75
Totals	404	422	408

CHARLESTOWN.			
Conti	85	84	78
Butters	87	76	76
McIntosh	73	73	74
Harris	81	81	88
Kinsman	78	83	98
Totals	404	407	414

Team 6 took three games from team 2, last week Friday night. Houghton rolled 271; Sabin, 196; A. F. Turner, 180; H. V. Smith, 231; and Champney, 186. On team 6, Peabody rolled 259; J. F. Turner, 237; Remus, 248; Wiswell, 216; Luke, 228. The game totals were: Team 2, 351, 378, 334, 1063; team 6, 406, 380, 404, 1190.

Monday's game was between teams 2 and 4, the former taking two out of three. The totals: team 2, Houghton 263; Sabin, 196; A. F. Turner, 231; H. V. Smith, 221; Champney, 214; team 4, Rolfe, 226; F. E. Bullard, 213; F. H. Ballard, 233; Moody, 239; Miles, 212. Game totals, team 2, 386, 379, 390, 1155; team 4, 372, 386, 374, 1141.

Wednesday night, team 5 took all three games from team 3. The scores: Team 5, Tower, 239; Biscow, 245; W. H. Ballard, 235; Mead, 207; Holway, 237; team 3, Tilton, 210; West, 232; Teague, 210; Osgood, 239; Cloyes, 218; game totals, team 5, 380, 383, 383, 1146; team 3, 369, 377, 359, 1106.

A good crowd of "rooters" accompanied the bowling team to Charlestown, Tuesday evening.

The dancing party, last week Saturday evening, was one of the prettiest parties of the season, and a very enjoyable evening was passed by all who attended. Henry Raymond, the chairman of the committee on dances, was in charge of the program. Towne's orchestra of four pieces furnished the music.

The game in the house tournament, last night, between teams 1 and 6, was to have been rolled at 5.30, instead of 8 o'clock, in order not to interfere with the entertainment at the latter hour.

H. L. Houghton, captain of team 2 in the candle-pin tournament, has been doing some excellent rolling of late. In his last three matches he has made 271, 292 and 294. The members feel that Mr. Houghton's new shoes have done the business. The fact is, he could never be induced to wear a pair of bowling shoes, and consequently was badly handicapped. He was finally persuaded to don a pair, hence the result herewith noted.

The nominating committee has held a meeting. The annual election will be held April 29.

I. L. Remus has had on exhibition, at the desk, some unusual specimens of cigars. They came from his home in Mexico, and are such as are seldom seen in this part of the country. They are much larger than the kinds in general use. In Mexico they sell for 50 cents, while the duty would raise their value, here, to nearly \$1. The cigars have attracted considerable attention from club members. They are said to be of excellent quality.

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Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Belmont Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 35-3.
A. L. Bacon, 123-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 186.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 358.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 356-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 330-3; 329-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 152-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
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George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.
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Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
A. A. Tilden, Arl. 213-4.
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7.
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ANOTHER ROAD.

Editor Enterprise:
I doubt if there is another town beside Lexington within ten miles of Boston which possesses practically but one thoroughfare to the city. The traveler to or from Boston is obliged to follow Massachusetts avenue, or take a circuitous route, encountering some pretty "stiff" hills. It is a peculiar situation and its bearing upon the double tracking of the street railway is important when it is remembered that this one road is also an extremely narrow one for a main thoroughfare.

Much of the opposition to the street railroad, when it was first proposed, was due to this condition and all the opposition to the double tracks arises from it alone. Many of those who appear at the hearing, last week, to oppose the two tracks, argued for a widening of the street at the expense of the railroad company as a pre-requisite to granting the right of one public use the widening. It is undeniable that the street is too narrow, but we doubt the wisdom of any attempt towards its widening, in view of the great expense for land damages and the enormous sentimental reasons worth considering also.

As was the custom in the early days of the century, the houses are set quite near the street. Their front yards would be destroyed where the buildings were not disturbed, as would often be necessary. The heavy burrowing resulting from this encroachment upon old homesteads would be incurable. One of our best citizens moved from Lexington because of the cutting away of his estate and the mutilation of his house by the widening or straightening of this road by the county commissioners. Many years ago, and many others have never recovered from their irritation at the sacrifice of lawn and trees.

The beauty of a village street is largely due to its shade trees. Any attempt to widen will sacrifice many of these, and their places could not be filled for a generation or two. Furthermore, this road has historic associations greater than those of any piece of road of the same length in America. To make it a wide thoroughfare would utterly destroy its character. The winding road up which Revere passed, followed by the invaders, and down which they raced, pursued by the houseless yeomanry that eventful April day. This is a peculiar and adequate reason for leaving it as nearly as possible in its present condition.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Our citizens seem slow in realizing the remarkable opportunity they have of creating one of the most attractive roads leading out of Boston, and of thus bringing to the town not only admiring sight seers, but a very desirable class of citizens to add attractive homes to our hill-sides, and to our valuations. When the roadway proves resolute, which it would cause to widen our main avenue, a noble roadway along the ridge from Arlington, through pastures and wild land, transforming them into unequalled residential sites and solving this railroad problem at the same time.

The use made of it there are two ways of remedying it. Widening it or paralleling it with a new street. The latter seems to us the wisest course in this case from every point of view. Put down tracks in the middle of a road one hundred feet wide, separating it from the driveway by grassy lawns, and beauty and safety from accident are gained. Give up the old road to the heavy teaming, the milk wagons and produce teams, which can then traverse the road without constant danger. The railroad company would gladly move their tracks to the new location and in a few years we should all wonder that this had not been done years ago.

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A SISTER'S DUTY.

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision.

He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers! Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured censorious unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and spoiled nature. If you, by patience with his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship you will have your counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish.

There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent rivalry; but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body; but teasing is the thorn and the knife scratching and lacerating the disposition of the soul. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret or an "Ahem!" Tease! Tease! Tease! For mercy's sake quit it. Christ says: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderess.

When father and mother are gone—and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit—the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unfaltering affection for each other.

Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same motherly tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets, and with names given you with parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity, I charge you, be loving and kind and forgiving.

If the sister sees that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort. Oh! if the

A LITTLE WHILE.

It is so natural that we fall asleep
Like tired children when the day is done
That I would question why the living weep
When death has kissed the laughing lips of one.
We do not sigh when golden skies have dawned
The purple shadows and the gray of night,
Because we know the morning lies beyond
And we must wait a little while for light.
So when, grown weary with the care and strife,
Our loved ones find in sleep the peace they crave
We should not weep, but learn to count this life
A prelude to the one beyond the grave,
And thus be happy for them, not distressed,
But lift our hearts with love to God and smile,
And we, anon, like tired ones, will rest
If we will hope and wait—a little while.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Their Great-uncle.

A Story of an Old Man Who Made a Whole Family Happy.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

"Heugh! Heugh!" groaned old Pierre, trying to raise himself from the rock on which he rested. Then he looked around and shook his tremulous fist at the mountain peaks frowning on every side. "So," said he—"so I am at your feet. Once I was your master. I have danced upon those beetling brows and scaled those precipitous heights like a chamois. Ah, I tell you I was bold and young then! You could not frighten Pierre with your crashing avalanches. Pierre knew your tricks by heart."

Then muttering maledictions on old age, which brought so many infirmities in its train, he took up a small bundle and pursued his journey to the village beside the lake.

From the path by which Pierre descended and immediately below the steep zigzag was a superb view of the azure lake. The limpid waters lapped the cliffs, blue, so intensely blue. The barks, wing a wing, sped like eagles across the bay. Pierre's old eyes had lost little of their keenness, and they took in this beauty with infinite joy.

"At least I can see," he said proudly, "and perhaps I can use my wits no less than I could 40 years ago. Well, now for my affectionate nephews. Let us recapitulate the lesson. What are the names? Ah, I have it! The gospels backward. First, John. He should be steady, this John, and doubtless well to do. Luke was a fool—yes! I avoid Luke. Mark—what did he say of Mark? Is it possible my memory begins to fail me? But, no! I remember. He is the rich one, very rich. Mathieu, a generous rattlepate with a wife and six children and little to feed them with. John and Mark, I send you my very good compliments."

A malicious smile hovered round the aged man's lips as he waved his hand with mock courtesy toward the village, nestling well under shelter of the cliffs down which the zigzag path was leading him. It is possible John and Mark may meet their match in this decrepit figure, for after all it is mind that governs matter.

Perhaps some such thought caused the smile in the keen old eyes as Pierre at last found himself in the village street and asked for the house of his nephew, John Desor.

John, a portly, heavy visaged John, stood at his shop door. A cautious man, this John, who did not accept this feeble relative with the manifestation of hospitality.

"I suppose I may sit down?" quavered Pierre.

"You may sit down," said John's deep bass.

Mrs. John sat behind the counter, ready for customers. She made signs to her husband. In her eyes it was easy to read that there was no welcome.

"He had better go to Mark. Mark is so rich, and besides this he has a room and to spare."

Pierre was still smiling as he turned to leave the shop. John pointed the way with magnificent courtesy.

"The second house on the right. You do well to go to Mark," he said approvingly.

Mark was a notary. He was busy writing and looked up, frowning fiercely at the interruption. "Disgraceful! One of our blood begging! You always wasted your substance in the past, or you would not be homeless today. You can't expect us to support you. We have all we can do to get our own living. Go back to the false friends that counseled you to take this unwise step. But wait! Let me look up the family record. I don't believe you are our great-uncle after all. Desor is no uncommon name."

The old man, without a word, walked into the street. "Pigs, exasperating pigs of peasants!" he said under his breath. "But now what to do?"

At least the bench by the well was common property. He crawled there with his bundle and sat down to rest. Then, in a dreamy, half drowsy condition, he watched the women come and go, until at last a loud voice and a boisterous laugh set the echoes calling.

"Eh, friends, neighbors! Have you seen an old man go past this noon? A feeble old man with a bundle? I want to find him. He's my great-uncle, you must know, homeless and friendless, according to my two most noble brothers, John and Mark. What! Here? Poor old fellow! Tired out and hungry! Why, uncle, how are you? I'm your grandnephew, Mathieu, at your service."

"So you are Mathieu?" The old man roused himself with a start and smiled back at the cheery face bent over him.

"Aye, and here you have the wife and wondrous ones! Three here and three

more at home. Yes, as you see, we are blessed with plenty of mouths to feed and, thanks be to God, a crust for each one and one over for you if you'll take it."

As he talked Mathieu lifted the old man in his arms, carried him like a sack of corn to the wagon and tumbled him in.

Every one laughed, Pierre louder than all.

"This is what I like," said he. "I am cheerful by nature." Then, to show that he was not too old to be entertaining, he told fine stories and laughed merrily all the way along.

But as the rude wagon jolted up the mountain side to the tiny chalet where Mathieu made his poor living, the old man became silent, casting his keen eyes back and forth with comprehensive glances. Ah, Pierre had his wits about him, wits enough to stock Mathieu, his wife and six children and leave plenty over for the elder brothers.

"So you are very poor, Mathieu?" said he as he took his survey from the chalet door.

Mathieu's rosy face clouded as he looked within and nodded. Everything was clean, for his wife was thrifty, but poverty was written on every hand, even in the faces of his six children, who needed more plentiful and more nourishing food.

"Mathieu," called the wife, "come thou and make the uncle a bed. At least we have sweet hay up here."

The old man's keen glances from the chalet door lighted on sudden flame as his eyes rested on the bare rock forming part of Mathieu's possessions. Then he chuckled as if some happy idea had occurred to him. Mathieu's wife, Marie, laughed too.

"He will be cheerful company," said she to her husband.

Next morning they all rose at day-break, for Mathieu worked in a neighbor's vineyard in the valley below.

"So, Mathieu! That rock belongs to you?"

"That shelving rocky slope, uncle? Yes; it fell to my lot. Well, one must not speak ill of one's own blood, but the others took care of themselves. This was good enough for rattlepated Mathieu."

He laughed, but rubbed his head ruefully. "Good enough!" cried the old man in an excited tone. "Good enough!"

As Mathieu strode away to his work the remembrance of that "good enough" rang in his ears. He thought that perhaps the old man had lost his mind. Meantime the keen sighted old fellow was sitting in the doorway chuckling with amusement that his grandnephew should be going away to work as a hired man in his neighbor's vineyard.

"Marie," he cried, "Marie, come here. I love thee, child, thee and thine, yet I tell thee this kind Mathieu of ours lacks wits."

"Wits!" shouted indignant Marie. "Aye, wits!" shrieked back the excited old man. "Now, child, he went on more quietly, 'listen. Be guided by me. You and I and our six children here, we will make a fortune for Mathieu right under his nose.'"

Here the old man pointed to Mathieu's field, a mere slanting rocky ledge, over which the goats climbed to browse on the sweet grass that sprang here and there from interstices and which now lay basking in the sun.

"There is our vineyard, my good Marie!"

"Make a vineyard there, uncle! But where is the earth?"

The old man laughed. He pointed to the gorge, through which the mountain torrent rushed to the lake.

"Ah," cried Marie, afire with the idea, "I see, I see! I and the six children!"

"And the old uncle," he put in.

"We shall make Mathieu a vineyard."

The children, brought up to carry the hotte (basket) on their backs and weights on their heads, began to yell with delight at their part of the work. Away they raced to the gorge, followed by the uncle and the vigorous Marie.

When Mathieu returned that evening, he stared and rubbed his eyes. Several yards of the rock were covered with earth, and the old man was building a wall at the bottom of the field.

"What does this mean?" cried he, a broad grin widening his rosy cheeks.

"It means," cried Pierre, "that my wits shall so direct thy strong body that ere I die I shall set thee at work in thine own vineyard!"

The idea once suggested approved itself to Mathieu as an experienced worker in a vineyard. "But," thought he as he rubbed his eyes and looked about him, "why did I never think of this for myself?"

He barely waited to swallow his soup, so eager was he to plant foot on his own vineyard.

"Keep your own counsel," said the old man. "Go forth as usual to thy work and leave us here to carry up the earth. Every hour will add to the pile. By autumn you shall plant the vines."

Ah, how cheerfully all worked! And on moonlight nights did Mathieu go to bed at all? The rich earth, carried from the glacier above by the resistless force of the torrent, lay here in the gorge ready for the laborer.

"Only one more load," would Mathieu cry as Marie called to him. "Surely thou wilt not grumble that I go this once again?"

Who more gay than Marie as she toiled up the steep path of the ravine with the hotte on her back?

"I brought my Mathieu no portion, nothing but my own hardworking hands," said she, "and how he has slaved to earn us bread, this good Mathieu!"

"All very well, but he has naught to complain of in his wife," said the cheery old man. "You have brought him luck, you and the children."

By this time the miracle was accomplished. The slanting rock was covered with the greenery of vines and

large, luscious grapes caught the earliest and the latest rays of the sun.

"So," cried he gayly, "not a trace of the blight that afflicts our friends in the valley! Up here at least we have God's air pure. His blessings, too, will be with thee, my children, who of your small substance took in a homeless wretch in his old age."

"Why, good uncle, we took in our good fortune with thee!" shouted Mathieu heartily.

"Aye, aye! My wits are worth something, I know," nodded Pierre slyly. "But now, good Mathieu, I make thee father confessor. I am no uncle of thine. In truth I have no kin. In my youth I met your grandfather and perhaps saved him from a cruel death. He made me promise to call upon him in case of need. He is dead. The service I rendered lies buried in his grave. 'Blood is thicker than water,' said I to myself. 'I'll call on his grandchildren. I'll be their uncle.'"

"Oho, oho!" laughed Mathieu. "And you think, then, that Marie and I do not know that we have no great-uncle? Has not Mark the record written clear as print! But it's all one to us, and better, too, for none of our blood ever boasted any brains."

Here the children laughed. Marie kissed the old man affectionately.

"The good uncle has brought us luck, and—"

"Fame!" said Pierre proudly. "Mathieu, grapes like these were never yet seen in this canton, and that I can tell you."

So said the honorable judges appointed to visit the vineyards and report upon the condition of the grapes. They came up from the valley in grand procession, two and two.

"What a vineyard on that old rock!" cried Mathieu's brothers, who had been invited to be present.

Pierre stood at the vineyard gate. His wrinkled old face had its rosy hue still, his keen eyes twinkled, and with a lordly air he bowed to the judges and threw back the gate.

"Enter," said he, waving his hand in welcome. Then he swaggered up and down, showing the finest bunches.

"Here," said hearty Mathieu, seizing the old man and turning him to the judges, "behold the brains of the vineyard!"

"And here," cried Pierre, "are the faithful workers!" He darted to the bushes, behind which Marie stood blushing and the children were gathered, curiously peeping between the vine leaves at the strangers.

It was a goodly sight. How Mathieu talked and laughed and the brothers gloomed behind the ranks of the judges!

"He will be the rich man of the family, the rattlepate, after all!" cried Mark, with a vicious look at the cheery old man of busy brain who headed the procession round the vineyard.

They had to bear that Mathieu was adjudged the prize for a well kept vineyard, that his grapes excelled any yet grown in the canton and that he must wear the crown at the fete next week.

"Not I!" shouted Mathieu. "If any of us be crowned, it must be uncle, there!"

The judges laughed. But Mathieu had his way, and the happy old man, with Mathieu's youngest child on his knee, was carried in procession through the village which a few years before he had entered friendless and homeless.

His eyes were uplifted to the snowy peaks. His thoughts sped back to the days of his youth, such a dream now, so long ago. Was it indeed his own foot that had scaled the precipices?

"Uncle, uncle," cried Mathieu at his side, "the people are shouting in thy honor! Bow to them; they expect so much of thee."

Clapping Hands as a Salute.

Among the Uvinsa "when two grandees meet the junior leans forward, bends his knees and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his own hands six or seven times. They then change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit and then under the right. But when a 'swell' meets an inferior the superior only claps his hands and does not fully return the salutation by following the motions of the one who first salutes. On two commoners meeting they pat their stomachs, then clap hands at each other and finally shake hands. These greetings are observed to an unlimited extent, and the sound of patting and clapping is almost unceasing."

Serpa Pinto found this ceremonial clapping in violent exercise among the Ambuellas. Paul du Chailu reported the salute of the Ishogoto to be clapping the hands together and stretching them out alternately several times. Among the Walunga in the morning on every side a continuous clapping of hands goes on, with the accompaniment of "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata" which is their mode of saying "How d'ye do?" If a chief passes, they drop on their knees, bow their heads to the ground, clap vigorously and humbly mutter, "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata" The clapping distinguishes the ceremony from that of mere prostration.

A Haughty Barber.

It was a barber who had long served on the cracks of an Atlantic liner whose saloon was visited by one of the owners. The indications of the general notion trade done by this barber were set out with a skill that would have put an Oxford street window dresser to the blush. "I don't quite like this," said the owner. "This is a ship, not a store," and then jokingly added, "I think I shall have to make a change." "I wouldn't do that if I were you," retorted the barber. "I've been with you now for 15 years, and if you dismiss me I'll start an opposition line right away."—Marine Journal.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

TRAINING IS NECESSARY IN MOST OCCUPATIONS NOWADAYS.

Seekers For Employment Must Have Special Qualifications—Women's Work Now Isn't What It Was In Our Grandmothers' Days.

In social walks of life one is almost daily confronted with seekers after employment. Particularly is the fact noticeable by women among women in this time, when so many of the gentler sex are forced to earn their own living. On the other hand, statements in print, as well as verbal, call attention to the fact that there are not enough capable people for the positions requiring capability of their respective kinds, and that there is "room at the top." In other words, the latter assertion points to the fact that skilled labor, not to say specialization, in every department of work is one of the most essential qualifications of success in gainful occupations.

Unfortunately women nearing middle age or older who find themselves suddenly cast adrift upon their own resources have not the training which commands a place and a price in this scientific period. The conditions of their early life in all likelihood did not tend to afford training along any particular line. Two generations ago, perhaps, there were skilled needlewomen and women who could spin yarn and weave fabrics and knit their own stockings, all of which were feminine accomplishments quite as laudable in their time as a knowledge of stenography and double entry book-keeping or the acquisition of a degree of B. S. or A. M., by which one may earn her bread and butter.

To account for the changes reasons are plenty, while cold facts exist. In the first place, weaving, spinning and other domestic occupations have gone into factories. In the second place, a consideration to be viewed carefully in looking at the industrial conditions today is this: Parents half a century ago worked hard for that share of this world's goods which they accumulated in America, and they felt that their children should be spared as much or all of the drudgery of life, and should live in ease and luxury if possible.

Apologies of the above, the following, taken from the current number of The Queen, is of interest:

"Everybody affirms that training is the passport to the good places of life: nobody quite believes it, because the statement is made so often. Yet, nevertheless, it is true. Only each of us must rediscover the truth for herself. Recently, with an extremely open mind and certain materials before me, I set out to inquire why a particular set of women had difficulty in obtaining work. They were women who during a certain three months had called at the central bureau for the employment of women intending to have their names entered upon the register as candidates for immediate employment. The secretary, who from abundant experience of women workers knows almost at once the kind of applicant for whom she is likely to be able to secure an engagement, found herself obliged to decline the registration fees which these applicants would have paid, though to each she gave some suggestion or piece of advice which, if taken, might lead to ultimate registration and an engagement. There were during the three months alluded to 238 of these unregistrable women in all.

"The curiosity," says the author, "which I always feel about the human story, mingled with the hope of finding some new variant of it, led me to inquire, with some eagerness into the causes which had prevented these particular applicants for work from attaining the object of their desire, or, at least, of their ostensible desire. I brought to this investigation, as I have said, an open mind, though if I permitted myself any wish in the matter it was that I might discover some less hackneyed reason than want of training for the comparative failures. I was about to analyze. Turning to the records of these 238, I found that in several cases there had been more than one reason why an individual had been judged ineligible for employment.

"In more than a third of the total number of cases under consideration want of training was quite clearly the real hindrance to employment. That the work sought by these untrained women was in many instances extremely indefinite did not help matters, there being at the present time little demand for vague service. Forty-two of the untrained did not know what they wanted to do or to be. The others stated that they wished to act as secretaries, housekeepers, companions, matrons, nursery governesses and special teachers, dispensers or to do needlework, charitable, artistic or domestic work. In short, all these, with the exception of the would be chambermaids, aspired to do work for which special training was necessary. Having developed their abilities at all in the required directions, for housekeepers, matrons, nursery governesses, charitable workers, domestic workers and the rest are wanted, only they must be workers of specific and well defined classes. It may be pointed out that such other difficulties as those arising from family or financial circumstances or from indefinite occupations are only really the training difficulty in another guise, and I should be bound to admit that such is the case. And those who are inefficient relatively to employment selected, though they have obviously not been prepared in the right way for the occupations which they have wished to follow."

There cannot then be much doubt that want of adequate training is a very grave hindrance to a large number of women in their search for employment, since such figures quoted from the records of a single employment society could certainly be matched or surpassed by many other registries and labor bureaus—Brooklyn Eagle.

To Wash Woolens.

No part of the laundry work is, as a rule, so unsatisfactory as the washing of the woolen garments. The structure of wool fiber is so different from that of linen and cotton that it should receive different treatment in the laundry. Rubbing and wringing cause the wool fibers to knot, thus giving us a thickened and shrunken fabric; therefore woolen goods should be soaped and squeezed to remove the dirt, and the water should be pressed out, not wrung out.

HOW DIAMONDS ARE MINED.

Methods Used to Compel Mother Earth to Disgorge the Gems.

The methods of compelling Mother Earth to disgorge her hidden stores of wealth, be it in the form of diamonds, gold or silver, copper or coal, appear to be much the same everywhere. You first find your mine, your reef or crater of blue clay as it is at Kimberley, and then you bore a hole down into it, which you call a shaft. Sometimes, as at Kimberley, you can begin at the top, but sooner or later you have to resort to burrowing laterally or perpendicularly. Then "the thing you are in search of" is wound up on a pulley over a wheel.

The blue clay is found in circular pits (once craters filled up from an unknown depth; they have not touched bottom at 2,000 feet). The inclosing walls are basalt, and then a layer of shale is superposed. In the open or through shafts the clay is blasted and carried on trucks by endless wires to the "floors." The tram runs on double lines, one set of trucks carrying the clay, the other returning empty. The "floors" constitute one of the most interesting features of the place. The earth which contains the diamonds becomes very friable when exposed to the sun and air and crumbles like loam. The harder rock, consolidated under tremendous pressure, has to be pulverized by crushing. Thousands of acres are inclosed by barbed wire fences, a much disguised blessing in South Africa, and there, hidden in the moldering earth, are hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of precious stones. Some of course become detached and are picked up by the "boys" and generally accounted for, though, in spite of the necessarily stringent laws, it is difficult to believe that none fails to reach the sorting house.

When sunshine and atmosphere have done their work, the decomposed clay is taken back from the floors and committed to the pulsators. The matter is shot into receivers and passes down to the pulsator, a graduated plane of metal, which, as the name implies, is shaken by machinery laterally, as a man shakes a sieve in his hand. The different steps of the pulsator are covered with grease, to which the diamonds—at least all of any size—adhere as the broken clay rushes over, mingled with a stream of water. The top step generally manages to catch the larger stones, and very few escape to the lowest grade. The refuse, however, is all carefully hand sorted by natives, whose natural quickness of eye and deftness of finger have been improved by long practice. Many of the hands so employed are convicts hired by the government to the company. These victims of civilization—most of them are guileless of any criminal appearance—much prefer this work to the dull monotony of prison labor. The sight of these convicts engaged in sorting out minute gems from the dross might suggest many reflections. The contrast is the most striking—at one end of the scale diamonds, representing the highest luxury of civilization, at the other the native to whom European culture means the magistrate and the politician. However, if the native criminal moralizes—which I am sure that, as a rule, he is far too sensible to do—he can chuckle at the idea that each stone he extracts may easily prove an incentive to his fellows on a higher plane to go and do likewise.

The sticky matter, holding little but the gems, is thoroughly washed out, and the deposit is ready for the sorter. Diamonds are by no means unlovely in their uncut condition, and there is no mistaking the slightly greasy feeling of the real gem, due, I am told, to its incomparable hardness. The stones are then inspected and weighed and are ticketed according to their value in little heaps on a counter in a sorting room. Thus the first heap of a week's "clean up" will contain perhaps a dozen large diamonds, perfect in shape and color without a flaw. They may be of any value from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Then come smaller ones of the same spotless character; next in value are the large yellow stones, then the flawed whites, and so on down to heaps of tiny gems like coarse sugar, white and brown.—London Telegraph.

Marshall on the Bench.

Of Marshall's appearance on the bench we have a picture in one of Story's letters from Washington, while he was at the bar, says James Bradley Thayer in The Atlantic. He is writing in 1808, the year after the Burr trial. "Marshall," he says, "is of a tall, slender figure, not graceful or imposing, but erect and steady. His hair is black, his eyes small and twinkling, his forehead rather low, but his features are in general harmonious. His manners are plain, yet dignified, and an unaffected modesty diffuses itself through all his actions. His dress is very simple, yet neat, his language chaste, but hardly elegant. It does not flow rapidly, but it seldom wants precision. In conversation he is quite familiar, but is occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawing. I love his laugh—it is too hearty for an intriguer—and his good temper and unwearied patience are equally agreeable on the bench and in the study."

Professional.

A lady who has made a study of lullabies and similar folk songs, the Countess Martinego, remarks upon the peculiar forms under which parental pride displays itself in different countries, and to prove that even professional habits will be carried into the nursery she tells the following:

The other day a young and successful English artist was heard to exclaim with profound conviction while he was contemplating his son and heir, 24 hours old:

"There is a great deal of tone about that baby!"—Youth's Companion.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville), 4.30, 5.00 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. SUNDAY—7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—12.37, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37 (4.37, 5.37 a.m., Sunday) a.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY—6.01 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SOUTH STATION—via Winter Hill—5.24, 5.49 a.m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 11.09 p.m. SUNDAY—6.44 a.m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 11.09 p.m.

Stops on Mass. avenue as follows: Waiting room, Park ave., Pole station, Lowell st., Appleton st., Forest st., Crutcher Lane, Robbins road, Brattle street, Walnut street, Mt. Vernon street, Grove street, Schouler court, Pole station, Bartlett avenue, Jason and Mill streets, Central and Academy streets, Water street, Pleasant street, Railroad crossing, Medford street, Franklin street, G. A. R. Hall, Wyman street, Tufts street, Winter street, Marathon street, Henderson street, Lexington avenue, Tannery street, No. Cambridge railroad crossing, No. Cambridge car house.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Supt. of Transportation, 301 Milk street, Room 701. Information regarding to rates, routes and connections with other roads cheerfully given by telephone.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President. Jan. 19, 1901.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, OCT. 8, 1900.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19 a.m. 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.23, 4.45, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18 p.m. Sunday, 9.24 a.m., 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 5.15, 8.25, 9.11 a.m., 12.52, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21 a.m., 12.20, 1.02, 2.20, 3.56, 4.25, 4.48, 5.21, 6.50, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 11.30 p.m. Sundays, 9.27, 10.10, 11.00, 12.30, 1.14, 4.38, 5.18, 8.28, p.m.

Arlington—5.35, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.39, 7.42, 7.56, 8.09, 8.16, 8.41, 9.00, 9.37, 10.12, 11.24 a.m., 12.23, 1.05, 2.23, 3.59, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, p.m. Sunday, 9.30 a.m., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, p.m. Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 7.58, 8.19, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26 a.m., 12.25, 1.07, 2.25, 4.01, 4.30, 5.27, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, p.m. Sundays, 9.33 a.m., 1.05, 2.31, 3.20, 4.43, 6.24, 8.34, p.m.

*Express. *Saturdays only.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON FOR

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.59, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 p.m. Sunday, 9.15 a.m., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p.m.

Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, a.m., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.59, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 p.m. Sunday, 9.15 a.m., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p.m.

Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a.m., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.59, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30 p.m. Sunday, 9.15 a.m., 12.50,

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men. **WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS!! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!!** This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued of their own free will. **DO NOT WAIT.** Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. H 680 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2300 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I assure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

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LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month.
FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts Avenue, near Elm Avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m.; Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust Avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m. Sunday. Lend-a-hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.
Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts Avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
49 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.
50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.
52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
53 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
54 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
55 Lowell street near Arlington line.
56 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
57 cor. Mass. Avenue and Woburn street.
58 cor. Bloomfield and Euclid streets.
59 Mass. Avenue and Percy road.
60 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.
61 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.
62 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
63 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.
64 Centre Engine House.
65 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
66 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
67 Hancock street near Hancock Avenue.
68 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
69 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
70 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shelve.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.
Give the alarm at the nearest box.
Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.
Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.
Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.
Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.
Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.
Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

HIS SACRIFICE

Two young men are sitting in a restaurant situated on the Rue de —, in Paris. They are earnestly talking of the prize of 10,000 francs offered by a prominent musical society for the best composition, and from their remarks it is apparent that they are both contestants for the reward.

They are Americans who, being desirous of obtaining a thorough musical education, have come to Paris to pursue their studies and, being students at the same conservatory, have been brought together in a bond of friendship.

One of them, Howard Grayson, is a reserved, serious young man, full of ambition, but, being thrown upon his own resources, subsists by writing articles for magazines and papers. The other, George Harper, is a handsome, jovial young fellow who has been sent abroad to cultivate his passionate love for the "divine art."

It is the night before the compositions are to be turned over to the judges, and George and Howard are sitting together in their little room. Howard is giving the finishing touches to his composition, which he fondly hopes will carry off the prize and place him on the road to fame and fortune as a musician, the goal toward which his ambitions have centered since the night he found himself friendless and alone, walking the streets of New York city, till by chance he passed a music hall from which faint strains of delicious music were wafted to him on the still night air. He stood there silently drinking in the exquisite melody till it filled his soul with a noble feeling and awoke the dormant passion within him. He went along the street with a buoyant heart and a lighter tread, with a new purpose in life—that of becoming a musician—and since that night, in spite of the many obstacles in his way, he had steadily plodded on, never grumbling of cold or hunger and often burning the midnight oil until far into the morning in order to save money enough to continue his studies and take him to Paris, where by good fortune he has met with George Harper, who had proved himself a friend to him many, many times.

At last he finishes his work and, with a sigh of relief, throws down his pen and turns to George, who is reading a letter he has just received from home, and a smile plays over his features as he reads the letter which promises him so much if he only wins the prize. He folds it and puts it away and enters into conversation with Howard. Their thoughts naturally turn to the competition, and they discuss their separate chances of gaining it, when finally Howard proposes that they play over their compositions and decide for themselves which is the better, but upon a solemn promise that neither shall change a note afterward, George laughingly consents and seats himself at the piano and plays a soft, low piece, full of tenderness and passion and with an easy flowing grace that is all his own. Howard listens with a sinking heart, for he realizes at once its superiority over his own, and as George stops playing Howard, with a pale face and with trembling limbs, yet with heartfelt sincerity, assures him that it is a masterpiece and that he will surely take the prize. Then, with a heavy heart, he plays his own composition that has cost him so many weary hours of labor. It is a very fine piece of work, yet lacking the easy flowing grace of his friend's, having instead a rather studied effect which robs it of part of its beauty.

Long after Howard retires George sits up late in thought. He is thinking of the pleasure it would afford his dear old mother to hear that he had taken the prize, and he already sees his father patting him on the back and taking him out to the stables, pointing to a magnificent steed and saying, "It is yours, my boy, and well you have earned it." Then his thoughts turn to his friend, poor and alone in the world, struggling toward a goal he may never reach, no one but himself to sympathize with in trouble or no one to rejoice with him in success. To Howard the prize means everything, while to him it is, after all, only an honor that he can do well without. Slowly he takes up his pen and alters the first part of the composition entirely, ruining that part of it completely. He gazes lovingly at his sleeping friend, who, all unconscious of his friend's sacrifice for his sake, lies in peaceful sleep. George folds the paper, seals it and lays it aside, and then on bended knee he offers up a silent prayer for forgiveness for his broken vow.

The great Paris Opera House is crowded with the contestants and their friends who have come to hear who will be awarded the prize. Howard, pale and careworn, enters the crowded hall and takes his place among the contestants. George, paler still, enters a few moments later. At last the house is crowded, and a hush falls upon the vast assembly as the judges file slowly into the room. After a few opening remarks the chairman announces that the prize has been awarded to Howard Grayson, with honorable mention of George Harper, his composition being perfect save for the first part, which was positively unplayable.

The applause which followed was deafening. Students that had never spoken to Howard before came up and congratulated him, and finally they lifted him on their shoulders and bore him across the hall.

George sits alone in his room, thinking of the outcome of events and wondering what they will think at home. Suddenly Howard steps softly into the room and, going over to where George is sitting, places his hand gently on his friend's shoulder. George looks up into his friend's eyes, and Howard says, "George, the vow that you broke when we promised to leave our compositions unchanged will be entered by the recording angels as one of the brightest stars for your crown in the kingdom of heaven." And as he looks in the loving brown eyes of his friend George feels that he has been well repaid for his sacrifice.—Exchange.

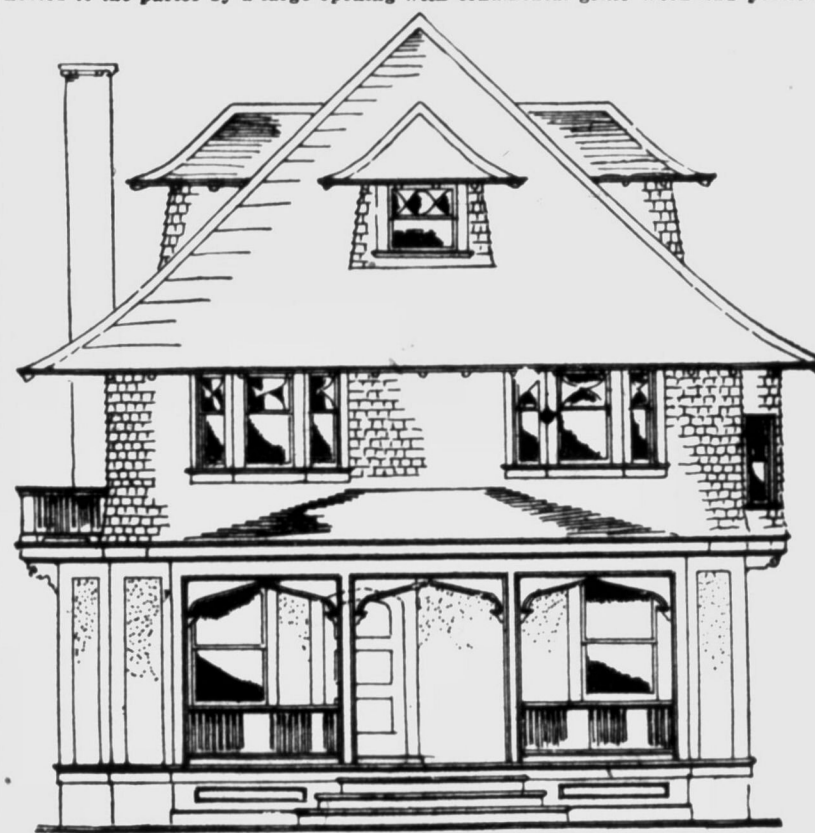
How the Ancients Worked.

Copper was the favorite metal of the ancients. Weapons of war, made of copper alloyed with tin, are frequently seen in the collections of persons curious in antiquity. The traditional hardened copper which, it is said, was used instead of steel in working metal and wood never did, because it never could, exist. How, then, did they work in hard granite as we do with steel and stone? It must have been by an aggregation of mere force. They cared not for the inevitable waste of life and time. Their processes were slow, painful and continuous. They moved immense masses of rock by the joint action of human strength simultaneously exercised.

HANDSOME QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE.

[Copyright, 1900, by George Hitchings, architect, 1090 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.]

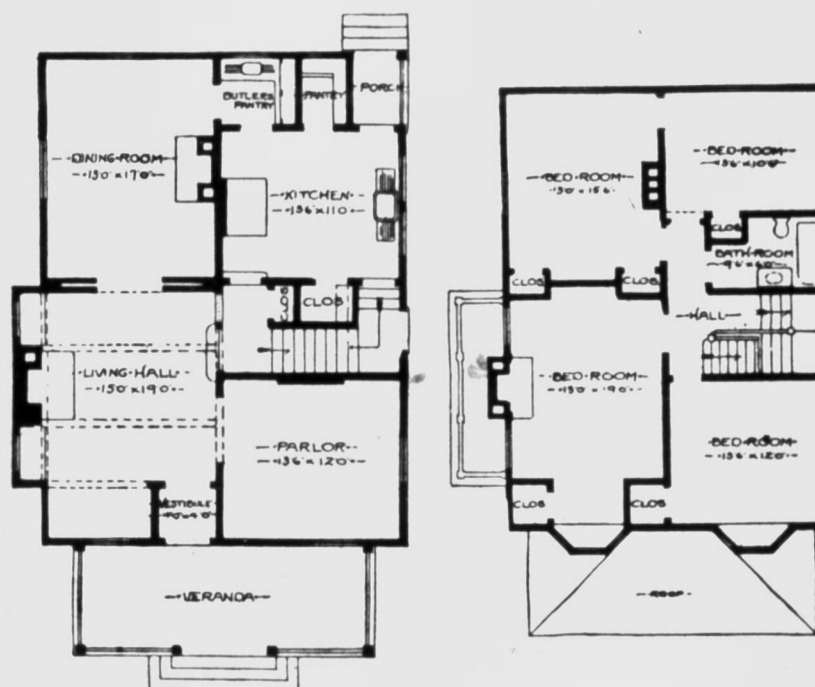
The floor plans are most conveniently laid out. Going through the front door, you enter a large reception or living hall, which is very nicely arranged with open fireplace and a hard wood beam ceiling. This room is 15 by 19 feet and is connected to the parlor by a large opening with ornamental grille work and portieres.



FRONT ELEVATION.

The parlor is 13 feet 6 inches by 12 feet and is fitted up with a cabinet mantle with bevel plate glass mirror. The dining room is a large room 13 by 17 feet, fitted up with open fireplace and a hard wood mantle, and is connected to the hall by sliding doors. The kitchen and butler's pantry are fitted up with all the modern fixtures.

The second floor has four large bedrooms, a bath and ample closet room.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The attic has three bedrooms, making in all 11 large rooms and a bath. The concrete cellar contains furnace, coal bins, laundry and servant's water closet. The bathroom is fitted with open nickel plumbing. Dimensions—front, 28 feet; side, 37 feet, not including the veranda. Cost to build complete, \$3,500.

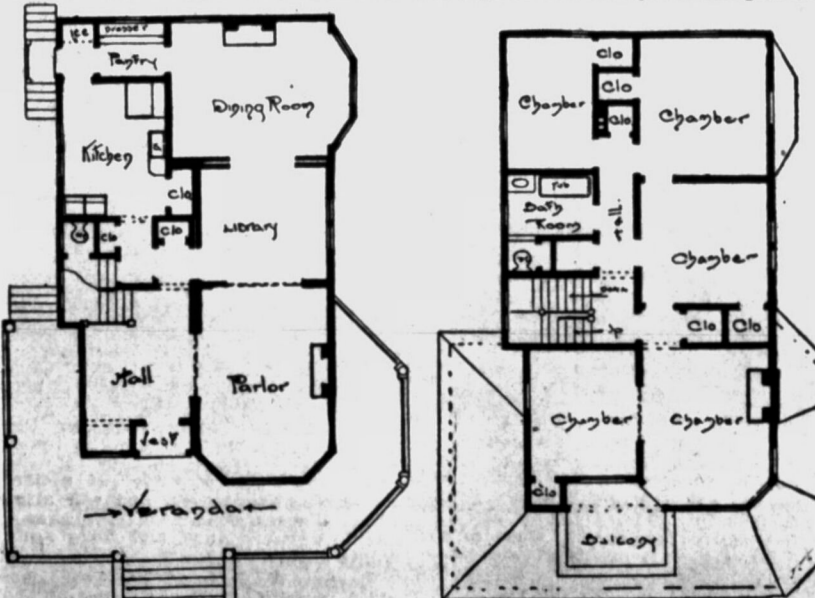
SUITABLE FOR A NARROW CITY LOT.

[Copyright, 1900, by George Hitchings, architect, 1090 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.]



FRONT ELEVATION.

The foundation of this house is built of stone, and the superstructure is frame. The exterior is covered with white pine bevel siding and shingled on the roof.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

second floor. The balcony on the second story adds to the appearance. The roof is sufficiently broken by dormer windows. The wide, projecting cornice is supported by brackets. This house will cost to build complete \$3,600.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 14.

Text of the Lesson, John xx, 11-18. Memory Verses, 16-18—Golden Text, Rev. i, 18—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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11. "But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulcher." We have seen loving service without faith in the spices that were brought to anoint His body and were never used for that purpose. And in this Mary we see sorrow as the result of unbelief, although in her, too, there was much love for our Lord, perhaps more than in many. Love is sometimes the greatest thing. The love of God is always the greatest thing we ever saw or heard of, but on our part faith is in some respects the greatest thing, faith which worketh by love, for without faith it is impossible to please Him (1 Cor. xiii, 13; Gal. v, 6; Heb. xi, 6).

12. "And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." The ministry of angels to Him at His birth, His temptation and in Gethsemane, and in that connection the whole Bible study of the ministry of angels is a most helpful and interesting study. White as the livery of heaven is also a helpful study. Consider the white robes of Rev. vii and the fine linen, clean and white, of Rev. xix, 8, 14; the white apparel of Acts i, 10, and His own white raiment of the transfiguration (Mark ix, 3), and think of the Rev. xix statement that "the fine linen is the righteousness of saints" and that it comes by the blood of the Lamb. On this topic let me pass on a sentence which came to me through Professor Moorehead: "The righteousness of God is that which His righteousness requires Him to require and which He has fully provided and freely bestows in His dear Son."

13. "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." This from Mary to the angels in response to their inquiry, "Woman, why weepest thou?" They knew He would rise from the dead, and she should have known, for He Himself had plainly told them again and again. If she had believed, she would not now be sorrowfully looking for a dead Christ. Oh, the sorrow and the tears that come from unbelief, and the victory that come in their stead if only we would fix our eyes upon Him who is alive for evermore and has all power in heaven and on earth.

14. "And when she had thus said she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing and knew not that it was Jesus." This is His first appearance to any mortal after His resurrection (Mark xvi, 9). Why first to Mary Magdalene He knows, and that He saw fit so to do is sufficient for all who have confidence in Him. We might have thought that He would surely appear first to His own mother or to John or to Mary of Bethany, but His way is perfect (Ps. xviii, 30), and some day we shall know, if necessary, why He saw fit to appear first to Mary of Magdalene. Why did she turn round after her reply to the angels? Did she see them looking at some one behind her?

15. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" But she did not recognize Him, and, supposing Him to be the gardener, asked that he would tell her where the body was if he had taken it away. How blinding and stupefying is unbelief! We shall see it again in somewhat the same form in next week's lesson. There is no rest in unbelief, and the word preached does not profit unless there be faith (Heb. iii, 19; iv, 2). Faith would have led her to expect a living Christ, not a dead one. Yet there are many believers even now who act as if Christ were not alive.

16. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto Him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master." Just one word from each—Mary, Master—but the spell of unbelief is broken as she acknowledges her Risen Lord. Seeing a Risen Christ is the remedy for all our woes and doubts and fears. We think of His word to Israel: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name. Thou art mine" (Isa. xlii, 1), and to Moses, "Thou hast found grace in My sight, and I know thee by name" (Ex. xxxiii, 17), and His word in John x, 3, "He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out."

17. "Jesus saith unto her, Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father. But go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." How glorious our oneness with Him in resurrection life, for He says to us through Mary, "My Father and your Father, My God and your God." Oh, to appreciate this more fully, that we might indeed rejoice in God as our God and Father, as well as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! There is enough in the words "Our Father," which He taught us to say, to give us peace and joy under all circumstances, for since our Father knows and loves and cares, how can we have any anxieties? Has He not assured us that having not spared His only begotten Son He will with Him also freely give us all things? (Rom. viii, 32.) Members of His body, a part of Himself, risen with Him and seated with Him in the heavens, let us rejoice in Him! Much has been written and spoken upon His words, "Touch me not," and many questions are asked as to why. But He gives the reason when He says, "For I am not yet ascended to my Father." A little later He allowed others to hold Him by the feet and worship Him (Math. xxviii, 9, 10), evidently implying that He had meantime been to His Father and returned, for quick as a flash of lightning are the movements of the glorified. Notice also that on that evening He invited the disciples to handle Him (Luke xxiv, 39).

18. "Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her." Mark adds that they believed not (Mark xvi, 11). Well, she did as the Lord told her, and her responsibility in the matter ended there. Jonah only had to preach the preaching that the Lord bade him and leave results with God. So also with all the Lord's messengers. They are to deliver the message whether men will hear or forbear (Jonah iii, 2; Ezek. iii, 10, 11). Blessed are all who have so seen and heard the Lord, that they cannot but speak the things they have seen and heard (Acts iv, 20). When we see and enjoy our oneness with Him, we cannot help manifesting it by word and deed.

Save \$62.60 a Year.

The average families buy \$250 worth of groceries a year. We can save you an average of 25 per cent on all groceries or a net saving of \$62.60. This is a conservative estimate. What family can afford to let this opportunity pass?

All we ask is cash for our goods. We guarantee every article sold to be the best and are willing at all times to refund the money if not O. K. Send your orders by mail. Careful attention and prompt delivery assured. The steady growth of our business is a guarantee that our method of doing business is popular. You pay dear for all accommodation when you ask for credit.

TEAS AND COFFEES.
Tea, often sold for 50 and 60c, 34c
Formosa Oolong (unexcelled), 50c lb
English Breakfast, 35c 40c 50c lb
Coffee, finest M. & J., 25c 30c 35c lb
Coffee, good, 15c lb, 50c 1 lb
Coffee, 1 lb cans, "Fragrant," 25c case lots
Best bread flour, warranted, 21c

FLOUR AND CEREALS.
Best pastry flour, 45c bbl, 50c bag
Reliable flour, 15c per bag
Rolled Oats, 10c per 25c
Rolled Oats (Quaker), 9c per bag
Shredded wheat biscuit, 11c pkgs
Cream of Oats, 10c 15c 20c
Cream of Wheat, 13c pkgs
H. O., 12c pkgs
Malt Breakfast Food, 12c pkgs
Grape Nuts, 11c pkgs
Wheatlets, 11c pkgs
Granulated meal, 2c lb, 10c 15c
Fancy bolted meal, 2c lb, 10c 15c
Rye meal, 2c lb, 10c 15c
Rye flour, 2c lb, 10c 15c
Pearl barley, 5c lb, 6c 10c
Pearl tapioca, 5c lb, 6c 10c
Flake tapioca, 5c lb, 6c 10c

SPICES, ETC.
Nutmegs, 15c 20c 25c
Whole cloves, 10c 10c 10c
Whole cinnamon, 10c 10c 10c
Whole pepper, 10c 10c 10c
Whole pimento, 10c 10c 10c
Whole mixed spice, 10c 10c 10c
Ground cloves, 10c 10c 10c
Ground cassia, 10c 10c 10c
Black pepper, 10c 10c 10c
Ginger, 10c 10c 10c
Cream tartar, 10c 10c 10c
Baking soda, 10c 10c 10c
Epsom salts, 10c 10c 10c
Sulphur, 10c 10c 10c
Senna, 10c 10c 10c
Saltpetre, 10c 10c 10c
Coperras, 10c 10c 10c

BAKING POWDERS.
Royal Baking Powder, 10c 10c 10c
Cleveland Baking Powder, 10c 10c 10c
Mrs. Lincoln's Baking Powder, 10c 10c 10c
Congress Baking Powder, 10c 10c 10c
Dry yeast, 10c 10c 10c

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.
Baker's cocoa (4 lb tin), 25c ea
Baker's chocolate (1/2 cake), 10c
Bend's cocoa, 10c 10c 10c
Bend's cocoa, 10c 10c 10c

DRIED FRUITS.
Seeded raisins, 10c pkgs
Best currants, 10c pkgs
Persian dates in 1 lb pkgs, 8c and 10c
Evaporated peaches, good, 5c lb, 30c 35c
Evaporated peaches, fancy, 12c lb
Evaporated apricots, fancy, 12c lb
Prunes, large, fine flavor, 5c lb, 6c 10c
Prunes, still larger, 8c, 10c and 12c
Citron, fancy, 12c lb
Orange peel, best, 10c lb
Lemon peel, best, 10c lb

CANNED AND BOTTLED GOODS.
Tomatoes, good, 8c can, 8c doz
Corn, good, 8c can, 8c doz
Peas, good, 8c can, 8c doz
Lima beans, good, 8c can, 8c doz
Succotash, good, 8c can, 8c doz
String beans, good, 8c can, 8c doz
Tomatoes, finest prod., 12c can, 11c doz
Corn, finest produced, 10c can, 11c doz
Peas, finest produced, 10c can, 11c doz
Peaches, good, 10c can, 11c doz
Peaches, high grade, 12c can, 11c doz
Good pears, 10c can, 11c doz
Golden apples, 10c can, 11c doz
Golden pumpkin, 10c can, 11c doz
Marrow squash, 10c can, 11c doz

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Notwithstanding the rain, St. John's church was nearly filled Sunday morning. The chancel was beautifully decorated with growing plants in bloom. Easter and calla lilies. A cross of smilax, with lilies, in memory of Miss Lola Gillet, stood on the altar. The Sunday school scholars presented a handsome prayer book and hymnal for the chancel. Simper's Te Deum in F. Cruick, shank's Communion service, and Clara's anthem, "He Is Risen," were rendered by the choir with precision and feeling. The choir consisted of thirteen women and five men, with the organist, Miss Swadkins, and a violinist, Miss Clara Johnson, all vested. The soloist was Miss Jeanne Annis of Malden. The choir had been well trained by E. B. Sullivan, to whom much credit for the result is due. In the afternoon the children's festival service was held. The missionary offering of the children was about \$15. Each child received a potted plant in bloom. Rev. James Yates gave an Easter address.

The fire engineers have appointed a permanent man in each house to the position of "house captain." The men are: D. J. Sullivan, house 1; Daniel Tierney, house 2; John Twining, house 3. These men will have charge of their respective houses, and will be held responsible for their condition.

Edward F. Doughty, of 24 Central street, who is employed at Wm. T. Wood & Co.'s, is spending a few weeks with his friend and relatives, in Liscomb Mills, Nova Scotia.

The monthly social of the Clover Lend, a hand club was held Friday afternoon with Miss Esther Babson.

A large and substantial addition to the gas factory is being built.

The Women's Home and Foreign Baptist Missionary society held a meeting in Pleasant hall, Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Gregory read an interesting paper on "The Philippines."

The symphony concert given in Sanders theatre, Cambridge, are well attended by the music-loving people of Arlington. Among the number are Rev. Mr. Gill, Mrs. Turner, Miss Pendleton, Dr. and Mrs. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Bullard, Mrs. S. Fred Hicks, Miss Tolman, Miss Anna Proctor, Mr. George Hill, the Misses Robbins and Miss Alice Gray.

Ex-Mayor Bruce, of Somerville, will be the Memorial day orator here this year.

The approaching marriage of Miss Laura Davis, of Somerville, and Charles Hardy, of Lake street, is announced. Miss Davis was formerly a teacher in the Arlington high school.

The wedding of John E. Welch and Miss Josephine E. Keefe was solemnized Sunday night at 11 Beacon street. Miss Elizabeth T. O'Rourke was the maid of honor, and Thomas R. Welch the best man. Among those present were Mrs. Walsh, of Somerville; Miss Katherine A. Keefe, Miss Norah Barry, of Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. John Shannon, of Newton; Miss Katie A. O'Rourke, of Brookline; Miss Delia A. Stack and Mrs. E. Hennessy, of Arlington.

Mrs. Sarah K. Wright, of Pinckney street, Boston, announces the engagement of her daughter, Gertrude Beatrice, to Dr. Harry William Miller, pathologist at the state hospital, Taunton, and formerly of the McLean hospital, Waverley. Miss Wright is a cousin of

Successors to C. A. CUSHING,

Grescent Cash Grocery

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Alexis Everett Frye, ex-superintendent of a Cuban school.

A wet spot made its appearance on the ceiling of the Arlington News Co.'s store in the postoffice building, Monday morning. Visions of a flood arose before the eyes of Manager Dyer. R. H. White, the genial janitor of the building, spent several hours in tearing up a part of the floor on the second story, but could find no break in the water pipes. Meanwhile, the wet spot has grown no larger, and a panic was averted.

Joseph Stunkie, who became suddenly insane at Fowle's mill, last week Wednesday evening, was examined by two doctors Friday, and sent to the state institution.

The next meeting of the Arlington Woman's club will be held next Friday, when Rev. William Long will speak on "Nature and the Child."

At next Monday's anniversary exercises of Ida F. Butler Rebekah lodge, N. J. Hardy, the well known caterer, will give an interesting talk on "The Woods of Maine." A stereopticon will assist him.

If John G. Waage's new sign on his shop on Moore place is a sample of the work he turns out, Arlingtonians need not hesitate to give him their trade. The sign is blue, with gold lettering, and is a beauty.

Misses Helen and Anna Rowe, with their guest, Miss Mary Wright, left Tuesday for Vassar college.

The Odd Ladies held their regular business meeting, Tuesday evening, in Grand Army hall.

Bethel lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., worked, Wednesday evening, the initiatory degree on two candidates.

William E. Wood returned from a business trip to New York, Wednesday.

Yardcock Melrose, the faithful janitor for a day or two this week with a lame knee.

The Universalist Christian union met Tuesday evening with Mrs. E. G. Fowle, 130 Massachusetts avenue. Eighteen brave members of the union dared to keep many away yet in all the churches.

After nearly two weeks of incessant rain everybody is ready to exclaim, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."

Mrs. Flister is kindly supplying the place in the Cutter school, filled by Miss Jennie A. Chaplin, the principal. Miss Flister kept many away yet in all the churches.

The heavy rains of the past week have found their way into many a cellar. More than one Arlington family have had to put on rubber boots to safely get to their furnaces.

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R. & R. boned chicken, 25c and 42c can
R. & R. turkey, 25c and 42c can
Luncheon beef, 25c can, 20c
Luncheon beef, 1 lb can, 10c
Luncheon tongue, 1 lb can, 26c
Canned salmon, good, 10c can
Canned salmon, best red, 12c can
P. & C. sardines, 21c and 32c can
Condensed milk, good, 8c can, 9c doz
Cond. milk, Rose brand, 10c can, 11c doz
Cond. milk, Tip Top b'd, 10c can, 11c doz
Blue Label Maltolite b'd, 10c can, 11c doz
Blue Label Maltolite, 15c
Mellin's Food, 23c and 30c
Pure maple syrup, qt. bottles, 24c
Olives, good, 10c
Olives, finest selected queens, 25c and 45c
Pure jellies, 9c tumbler, 3 for 25c

EXTRACTS AND ESSENCES.
Foss's lemon, 20c, 40c
Foss's vanilla, 15c, 40c
Baker's lemon, 16c, 31c
Baker's vanilla, 14c, 47c
Burnett's lemon, 11c, 33c
Burnett's vanilla, 28c, 55c

CRACKERS.
Milk crackers, 9c lb, 3 for 25c
Common crackers, good, 15c
Soda crackers, best, 8c lb
Ginger snaps, 7c lb, 4 for 25c
Grandmother's cookies, 9c lb, 4 for 25c
Graham crackers, 9c lb, 3 for 25c
Fancy grades in cans at correspondingly low prices, which we guarantee to be the lowest purchase price in town. Complete assortment.

SOAPS, WASHING POWDERS, ETC.
Welcome, 4c bar
Babbitt's, 4c bar
Cells Naphtha, 4c bar
Sunshine two cakes for 10c
Lawnrapp, 2 lb bar, 10c
Sapello, 8c
Lion Ami, 8c
Mineral soap, 15c
Washing soda, 2c lb, 15 for 25c
Pearline, 9c pkgs
Soapine, 9c pkgs
Urine, 9c pkgs
Blueing, 16 oz bottle, 9c
Blueing, 8 oz bottle, 6c
Blueing, 4 oz bottle, 4c
Ammonia, full quart, 10c
Ammonia, full pint, 7c

MISCELLANEOUS.
Potatoes, best, 20c pk, 75c bu
Potatoes, good, 18c pk, 65c bu
Fresh eggs, 15c doz
Peas, 7c qt
Lard, 3 lb pail, 25c
Lard, Squire's pure lard, 3 lb pail, 35c
Lard, Squire's pure lard, 5 lb pail, 50c
Lard, Squire's pure lard, 10 lb pail, \$1.05
Molasses best Porto Rico, 50c gal
Syrup, Honey drip, 50c gal
Vinegar, pure cider, 50c gal
Sweet clear, 50c gal
Toilet paper, 700 sheets, 4c pkgs
Toilet paper, full count, 7c, 4 for 25c
Butter, best high grade, 27c lb
Butter, best high grade, 27c lb
Butter, best high grade, 27c lb
Butter, fresh sweet creamery, 25c lb
Butter, best sweet creamery, 5 lb box, \$1.15
Sugar, with other goods, 5c lb

CIGARS.
Quincy, 7c
El Roble, 7c
Harvard, 7c
Marguerite, 7c
Cuckatoone, 7c
Pippin, 7c
Pride of Massachusetts, 7c
Cremo, 7c
Panetella, 7c

Quincy, 7c
El Roble, 7c
Harvard, 7c
Marguerite, 7c
Cuckatoone, 7c
Pippin, 7c
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Quincy, 7c
El Roble, 7c
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Marguerite, 7c
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STATE ISSUES.

Gamaliel Bradford Outlines Them at a Democratic Meeting, Last Week.

Following is an abstract of an address delivered last week by Gamaliel Bradford before the Bryan club:

Two considerations only could induce me to appear again, at this time, on the political stage.

That the United States stand at the parting of two ways. One of these follows the traditions of the glorious past: the wars of independence and against slavery and disunion; the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States; the independence and local self-government of the states; the political equality of all men and the position of this country as the home and the hope of popular government and freedom for the whole world. The other road leads straight on to a centralized military despotism at Washington. It points through a pathway of foreign conquest, of the pretention to impose by force upon an alien people a better government than they could provide for themselves, of occupying our own people to view with indifference the violation of all our cherished safeguards of liberty in the case of subject peoples abroad, to the acceptance by our people of similar conditions at home. The road leads through the creation of a large standing army and navy, controlled by politicians, themselves already controlled by vast combinations of capital, to the silent and gradual riveting of chains upon the neck of the people, till, when they awake to the necessity of resistance, they will find their power of resistance already gone.

No battlefield, civil or military, has ever called for greater devotion or sacrifice from every true son of New England.

The other consideration referred to is this: that in the year 1896 the people of Massachusetts, by a majority of nearly 50,000, refused to give up their state elections separate from the national, and to do, what every other state except Rhode Island has already done, subordinate their important state affairs to the interests and demands of the national parties.

The machinery by which this victory was won was of the simplest and feeblest kind, but it was based on a direct appeal to the people and stimulates hope and courage for another and similar appeal.

The Democratic party last autumn with a disastrous defeat. If we assume, as I do, that no new or third party can, in the present crisis, be of any avail, but that escape must come, if at all, through the old Democratic party, then the first necessity is to study the causes of that defeat and how they may be avoided in the future.

Knowing that Massachusetts was hopelessly Republican I sought service in the central West. If I had known that Massachusetts, in reducing Mr. McKinley's plurality from 12,000 to 8,000, would do better relatively than perhaps any other state, I would have stayed home to aid in that reduction, but at least the trip laid bare the reasons of the defeat. I do not believe it showed in any way that the American people endorsed the policy of the president. When I saw how lavishly were expended the vast financial resources, of which the Republican party has gained control in its thirty years manipulation of the national politics, by compact and threat, which had learned to subordinate everything to party success; and when I saw the poverty and apathy and disorganization of the Democratic management, there was needed no other explanation.

Mr. Bryan fought his campaign practically alone with very little money, and very few supporters of national reputation. Gallantly and well he fought, but the task was beyond human strength, and for one I can only accept the result with respect.

Chief among the causes of the Democratic defeat, however, was internal dissension, and in view of this the wonder is that it was no worse. Considering that the two sections, typified by Messrs. Cleveland and Bryan, hated each other as much or more than they did the Republicans, and this in face of a Republican platform so solid that Senator Hoar, after the fiercest attack in his April 15th speech which has been made upon the administration policy, proclaimed his love for the present government, and his devotion to his party, and that men like Mr. McCall, of this state, and Messrs. Hale and Reed, of Maine, uttered no word of opposition till after election, what other result could have been expected?

And what better proof of the discipline of the ranks which had learned to subordinate everything to party success; and when I saw the poverty and apathy and disorganization of the Democratic management, there was needed no other explanation.

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years, the objections to such elections will again be renewed, a new biennial amendment will be brought forward, a less vigorous opposition will be made and the precious treasure will be lost.

Bear in mind also, that in addition to the advantage to the state, there is the question of rehabilitation of the Democratic party. Some of the leading lights have been saying lately that it is necessary to recur to original Democratic principles, but have unfortunately omitted to define in what they consist. To me it seems clear that for more than a century the chief of them has been local self-government and independence, the rights of the states, and the restriction within safe limits of the federal power.

That which was an error and a fault when the slave states were seeking to destroy the union in the interest of their peculiar institution, has become the highest political virtue now that the preservation of the union has been converted into a question of the preservation of the Republic, and the generation of Republican managers, drunk with ambition and the power bequeathed to them by nobler predecessors, with a billion and a half to spend in every two years term, raised by a tariff protected for and paid for by powerful private interests, and by an imposition of war taxes in permanence, has granted to their president, by a vote of congress passed within forty-eight hours and without a dissentient voice, fifty millions of dollars to be spent at his discretion; has allowed that president to carry on a foreign war for more than two years without an expression by congress of that approval or disapproval which is enjoined by the constitution upon that body; has granted to that president a standing army of 100,000 men without the exercise of limiting the use to which it shall be put; and which, in the last hours of a session, and as a rider to an appropriation bill, gave him the power to establish a government more arbitrary and comprehensive than that of Russia, of Prussia, of Germany, of a conquered people 7,000 miles away.

For a less cause Massachusetts rose in armed rebellion 125 years ago. In a less dangerous crisis she sent out her fifth regiment to Baltimore in April, 1861. Has she ever been offered a nobler mission when the voice of freedom calls upon her sons to fight by peaceful and lawful methods the same battle which their fathers fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill?

It is from the states only that effective resistance to this centralizing power can come. Not only have the last four years shown the total impotence of the Democratic opposition in congress. In 1893 there was a Democratic president and a Democratic majority in both houses, yet the conduct of affairs was in the hands of a few men, who, within four years to re-instate a Republican president and majority, not only with no signs of repentance but with a national endorsement which has given a free hand for their subsequent career.

But what can be done by the states to remedy this state of things? It is the weakness and anarchy of the state governments which has caused it. People are so disgusted with the condition of local government, that they turn to something at least more distant in the hope of a change, and the state of mind of the people is such that they would prefer the fire. Take the case of city government, confessed at home and abroad to be a signal failure throughout the United States. What is it in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, the world knows. But is Boston much better? We have a police commission appointed from the state house which, starting from an expenditure of \$100,000 in 1885, has reached \$1,000,000 in the sixteen years, while the poor to grant liquor licenses and receives the income from them. It is secret and irresponsible, and against it the citizens have no remedy and no recourse. We have a mayor who was elected on a platform of economy and reduction of debt, and then taking the lead in going to the state house and asking for an increase of tax rate and debt limit. We have a school government which is a public scandal. It seems as if experience had shown how hopeless it is to remedy these things by a change of men. Only a change of system can do this and that system is wholly dependent on the government of the state. What that government is I cannot now discuss, but only point to one item, the false position of the governor, who is elected as the chief executive magistrate of two and one half millions of people, is for practical purposes a powerless figure head. The conflict over that question has given us the only two Democratic governors since the civil war. Butler was defeated for a second term, not by